

THE  
BLACK BOX

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AT GILMANS

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SATURDAY, JULY 30, 1955.

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CHINA



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MAIL

SAXONE  
Shoes for Men  
MADE IN SCOTLAND  
Whiteaways  
HONGKONG & KOWLOON

COMMENT OF  
THE DAY

Rousing Success

THE visit to Hongkong of the Secretary of State for the Colonies has been a rousing success. We say that not because Mr. Lennox-Boyd has been so generous in his approval of the Colony's activities in the fields of industry, commerce, administration, public health, education and social services, but because of the deep and genuine interest which the Secretary of State has displayed in our community life and welfare.

Both Mr. Lennox-Boyd and his charming wife have captivated people of all classes wherever they have moved in Hongkong during the week. There has been nothing superficial in their inspection of the complicated machinery which keeps this Colony so vitally alive. All sections of the community have been left with the feeling that the Secretary of State is imbued with a full and sympathetic understanding of our manifold problems.

WE have no doubt that the last five days have been fruitful ones for Mr. Lennox-Boyd; that he was able to gain, visually and through his meetings with civic leaders, industrialists, social welfare workers, and Unofficial members of Council, a finely drawn picture of Hongkong's anxieties, aspirations and achievements. We would be asking far too much to expect the Secretary of State to return home accepting without question our ideas of how current domestic problems should be solved. Nevertheless, he has probably obtained a new perspective of Hongkong—its position in the colonial empire and its vast importance as a "show window" of the British way of life in the Far East.

Mr. Lennox-Boyd still has before him a strenuous tour, with matters of considerable import demanding his attention in Singapore and Malaya. Hongkong's claims to any special consideration could, as a result, not unfairly fade into the background. But somehow, we do not think they will. Whatever its defects, Hongkong is functioning in a positive manner, and its claims for Colonial Office sympathy and consideration are modest. The conviction is that, in consequence of Mr. Lennox-Boyd's visit, these will be more readily forthcoming in the future.

# TERROR GRIPS RED CHINA

## New Purge Is Under Way AIMED AT THE MIDDLE-CLASS

From RUSSELL SPURR

London, July 29.

After a three weeks 3,500-mile tour of Communist China, I am in a position to report that the country is gripped with terror. A new purge campaign aimed at the educated middle-class makes suspect every thought and word.

Thousands have already been whisked away by the dread secret police. Thousands more live under the threat of imminent arrest.

In every big city of China, doctors, teachers, bureaucrats, even Communist Party officials are being closely examined for "counter-revolutionary tendencies."

They are being urged to confess—or denounce someone else.

"Don't try to hide traitors" they are told, "or you'll be held equally guilty."

The purge is backed by all the power and organisation of the totalitarian state. The Communist Party press and police are whipping up a 1984-style witch-hunt.

I saw posters magically appear all over China depicting plotters lighting bombs under newly-built factories.

I read newspaper articles lashing out at "the insidious schemers who have infiltrated every branch of government."

A young Party worker in Hankow frankly told me "traitors are everywhere. Thousands will have to be liquidated."

The cartoonists concentrate on bald-headed Hu Feng, a leading Communist author. He is described as the leader of a giant anti-government conspiracy.

The exact nature of his alleged crimes are still unknown. Indeed he hasn't yet stood trial. But already Hu Feng is branded traitor—his confession will fill in the facts.

### MAYOR ARRESTED

Pan Han-nien, acting Mayor of Shanghai is also under arrest. He too is condemned in advance. His fall 10 days ago was the signal for a terror drive throughout the city.

The Shanghai "Liberation Daily" urged its readers to sift the thoughts of their friends

and colleagues. A list of clues was provided to be looked for in other people's conversations. Such tendencies as "liberalism, grumbling and individualism (i.e. undisciplined) thought might reveal a "dangerous character."

The faithful were advised in a special footnote to send their denunciations of traitors direct to the editor-in-chief. All letters would be "treated confidentially."

The Chinese government is acting as if a revolution was at hand. Guards are increased on public buildings. Key areas, particularly in Peking, are ringed with electrified barbed wire.

The web of restrictive legislation has been jerked tighter together. Passes are now needed for the briefest journey. The police must—and seldom do—give permission to move residence.

Even holidays are forbidden more than 100 kilometres from your home. With the exception, of course, of the Party's favoured few.

"If this is freedom," an Indian diplomat's wife told me, "let's have slavery any time."

London Express Service.

## Earth-Satellites Launching Project

### FIRST SMALL STEP TOWARDS TRAVELLING TO THE MOON

London, July 29.

Professor A. M. Low, famous British scientist, said tonight that the United States plan to launch small unmanned earth circling satellites was "the first small step" towards travelling to the moon.

"But it will still be a very long time before we can do that," he said.

The American project would be tremendously important in forecasting weather conditions and for television and it would have "possible wartime uses."

The satellites in-war could be used for "observation," he said. There was also the possibility finally of "real attack" from them but in this direction the plan was only a child's step.

Professor Low thought it would still be half a century before men could be placed on the satellites.

On the question of weather forecasts, he said: "If we can get enough weather forecasts from many places and high up enough we could gather reports for a long way ahead. That is a valuable commercial problem."

So far as television was concerned, he said that through satellites it might be possible for a TV station to cover a quarter of the earth with one transmission.

Welcoming the news, he said: "I take my hat off to the Americans."

### THE PLANNERS

Washington, July 29.

Five eminent scientists from three countries—the United States, Britain and Belgium—have been responsible for much of the planning behind the project to launch earth-circling satellites.

There are the men:

United States: Dr. Detlev W. Bronk, President of the United States National Academy of Sciences. An outstanding physiologist and biophysicist, he holds honorary doctorates from more than a dozen universities in Europe and America; served as an American government adviser and will be a member of the American delegation to the International conference on peaceful uses of atomic energy in Geneva next month.

Dr. Alan T. Waterman, Director of the United States National Science Foundation. He has conducted important research in several scientific fields.

Dr. Joseph Kappel, chairman of the United States National Committee for the International Geophysical Year. He is internationally known for his interest in the upper atmosphere and the laboratory production of upper atmosphere spectra.

OXFORD SCIENTIST

Britain: Dr. Sydney Chapman of Queen's College, Oxford. He has been described as "the world's most distinguished geophysicist," has acted as scientific adviser to the British government and is now President of the International Committee for the International Geophysical Year.

Belgium: Dr. Marcel Nicolet, Secretary of the special committee for the International Geophysical Year. A theoretical physicist and professor of geophysics at the University Libre of Brussels, he is an assistant to the Director of the Institute Royal Meteorologique of Belgium.—Reuters.

## China Mail Feature Highlights

Here are some of the highlights in today's feature section:

P. 5: "Flight to Glory," last instalment by Graham Wallace.

P. 6: The Royal doctor comes to Wingate's rescue: another chapter from "Gideon Goes to War" by Leonard Mosley.

P. 7: A Did It Happen? story by Robert MacDermot.

P. 8: A Face shines through the Iron Curtain by J.P.W. Mallett, MP. John Harrison writes on what the "Summit" wives talked about in Geneva.

P. 13: Rene MacColl's first report on his second trip to Russia.

P. 16 & 17: Local and overseas sports reviews.

## Frustrated Man's Homicide

Singapore, July 29.

Frustrated by his first wife re-marrying in India on a false presumption that he was dead, a Sikh watchman murdered his second wife when he found her in bed here with another man.

The Defence Counsel for Dewan Singh, 34, explained this to the High Court before it found Singh guilty of the lesser charge of homicide not amounting to murder and sentenced him to one year's imprisonment.

Counsel said that Singh was buried alive for three hours during the Japanese bombing of Singapore in 1942. When the news reached India his first wife re-marrying on the wrong presumption that he was dead.

A British medical practitioner, Dr. C. B. Wilson, told the Court it must be a terrifying experience for a man to be buried alive for three hours.

To a man whose first wife had left him and married another man, Dr. Wilson added, "It must have been another terrible shock when Dewan Singh saw his second wife in bed with another man."

The Prosecutor said that Dewan Singh gave himself up at a Police station after fatally stabbing the man he found in bed with his wife.—United Press.

## ALL RESCUED

Wiesbaden, July 29.

A US Air Force C-47 went down in the Mediterranean on Friday but all of its 18 passengers and crew were rescued.

US Air Force European headquarters said on Friday night.—Associated Press.

## DESERTER USED BORROWED NAME

New York, July 29.

A GI who borrowed a name, today began serving a 25-year sentence for desertion from the Army in wartime.

The GI, Pte Arthur Athans, was sentenced yesterday after pleading guilty to the desertion charge.

He left behind a sobbing wife and five children who learned his true identity only after his arrest on May 18.

Athans deserted from the Army on December 7, 1944, while serving a five-year sentence at Fort Knox, Kentucky, for being absent without leave for the third time.

He worked as a farm labourer for a year and then settled in Levant, New York, where he took the name of Joseph Trainer and went to work as a mechanic.

In 1946 he married and founded the Levant Motor Sales Company in Jamestown. The business flourished. As Joseph Trainer, Athans became a respected member of the community. He had five children who now range in age from eight years to 20 months.

Athans, who was drafted into service from Buffalo, New York, declined to say how he was finally traced and arrested.—United Press.

## TUAPSE CREW IN CANTON

Moscow, July 29.

The Soviet news agency Tass announced today that 29 of the crew of the tanker Tuapse seized by the Chinese Nationalists and held in Formosa since June last year arrived in Canton on Wednesday.

The tanker, subject of a number of Soviet notes to the United States and requests from the Soviet Red Cross to the Swedish Red Cross, was carrying a cargo of kerosene to China when she was seized "in waters under United States control," the agency said.

The released members of the crew were flown from Formosa to Hongkong on Tuesday.

Measures are being taken to effect the release of the remainder of the crew. Tass added.—Reuters.

## Fate In The Balance

Calcutta, July 29.

The fate of the 45,000 inhabitants of the world's biggest river island, Majuli, was unknown today after communications were cut off when the rising Brahmaputra river flooded the island.

The 800 square mile island is in the State of Assam, North-east India.

Elsewhere in Assam, a stampeding herd of cattle trampled a boy to death and an elephant died of starvation in the flood-stricken area.

In the state of Bihar, seven persons were drowned when their boat capsized on the flooded river.

In north Bengal over 1,000 families were encircled by rising waters, and another 500 families were evacuated to safer zones.—France-Press.

## GIRLS REVOLT

Bruges, July 29.

Police were called in today to break up a revolt of teen-age girl delinquents at the "Institute for re-education" here.

The girls, all less than 18 years old, barricaded themselves in a dormitory and destroyed all its furnishings.

Girls are sent to the institute following trial before a children's Court.—France-Press.

## Turncoat GIs Arrested

After Reunion With Relatives

San Francisco, July 29.

Three American former prisoners of war, who chose to stay in Communist China after the Korean truce, returned here today and were immediately arrested by Army authorities.

The three, William Cowart, Ohio Bell and Lewis Griggs, told the Chinese after two years that after all they wanted to go home.

Passports were issued and they crossed to Hongkong where they boarded the American liner President Cleveland, which brought them to San Francisco.

The three had 90 minutes of reunion with their relatives when the liner docked. Then within minutes after they had cleared customs with their army possessions, the United States Army arrested them and took them in the back of a truck to the stockade at Fort Baker across the Golden Gate from San Francisco.

SEVERE CHARGE

Charges against the men could lead to a possible death sentence for each. They were obviously shaken as Captain Walter Leahy, of the Sixth Army Provost Marshal's Office, formally read them the charges.

Bell and Griggs had perhaps the most damning charge read against them—"collaborating" as officers of the United States Army to desert.

All three were charged with betraying their fellow prisoners in efforts to improve their own situation in the Korean prisoner-of-war camps.—Reuters.

## Valuable Metal Discovery In HK, Claim

London, July 29.

A 28-year-old British soldier now serving in Hongkong has written to his parents here that he has discovered deposits of a metal there which he claims is invaluable in creating light alloys.

He is Lance-Corporal William Bruce Harris and he has been studying geology as a hobby before he went to Hongkong three years ago.

The deposits of the metal—beryllium—he mentioned in a letter which said: "at last my hobby of picking up bits of rocks has been of some use."

"I have found a metal which they say is called beryllium and which they say is valuable."

He did not say in his letter where he had found the deposits of the metal.—China Mail Special.

for those who  
believe in the best  
Schweppes

Tonic Water



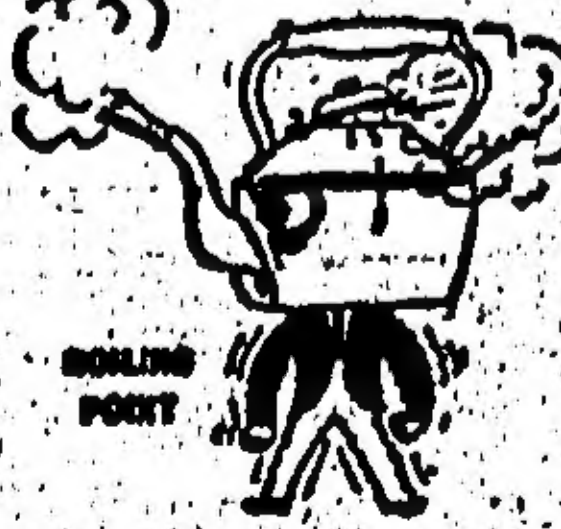
THE ONE AND ONLY  
SCHWEPPESS

For Smoother Riding!

MARFAK  
Lubrication



Thirst for Knowledge



Somehow between boiling-point and freezing-point lies cooling-point. A Mr. Fahrenheit has charted the first two, but the last as far as we know, has never been defined. The only effective test is to take a long cold glass of Rose's.

Lime Juice in the hot, clammy hand; then, tilting the head backwards and closing the eyes, tip the glass at such an angle that the thirst-annihilating stream flows steadily down the parched throat. At some point in this operation a delicious sense of well-being will pervade the body. This, gentlemen, is cooling-point; and cannot be measured in Fahrenheit or Centigrade—only in Rose's.



ROSE'S  
Lime Juice

—MAKES THIRST WORTH WHILE—



## KING'S PRINCESS EMPIRE

AT 2.30, 5.15, 7.20 &amp; 9.30 p.m. AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 &amp; 9.30 p.m. AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 &amp; 9.30 p.m.

## SHOWING TO-DAY

The Most Hilarious Star-Team In Years... In A Fun-Filled Western Whopper!

## The Paleface

Color by Technicolor

Starring BOB HOPE

and JANE RUSSELL



Produced by ROBERT L. WEINSTEIN - Directed by NORMAN KRASNA

## EXTRA MORNING SHOW TO-MORROW

KING'S at 11.30 a.m.

PRINCESS at 11.00 a.m.

Full-length Technicolor

Cartoon

"JOHNNY, THE GIANT KILLER"

M-G-M Presents

Technicolor Cartoons

"TOM &amp; JERRY"

Etc. Etc.

Reduced Admission: \$1.00, \$1.50

## NEW YORK GREAT WORLD

CAUSEWAY BAY, TEL. 78721

KOWLOON, TEL. 535500

## SHOWING TO-DAY

AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 &amp; 9.30 P.M.

A Japanese Picture with English Subtitles Color by Eastman Color A Daiei Production

## "THE GATE OF HELL"

Winner of the Grand Prix at the 1954 International Film Festival at Cannes

2 ACADEMY AWARDS

"Best Foreign Film" "Best color Costume Design"

Starring Kazuo Hasegawa - Machiko Kyo

SUNDAY MATINEE AT 12.30 P.M.

NEW YORK: Universal Technicolor Cartoons

GREAT WORLD: M-G-M Technicolor Cartoons

## ROXY &amp; BROADWAY

## SHOWING TO-DAY

AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 &amp; 9.30 P.M.

20th Century-Fox Proudly presents

ERROL FLYNN  
JOANNE DRU  
PETER FINCH

## The Dark Avenger

Color by Eastman Color

In the wonder of MAGNETIC STEREOPHONIC SOUND

ADDED ATTRACTION! CinemaScope Short Subject "SORCERER'S APPRENTICE" Color by DeLuxe.

ROXY &amp; BROADWAY: 5 Shows To-morrow. Extra Performance of "THE DARK AVENGER" at 12 Noon



TO-NIGHT at 8.00 p.m.

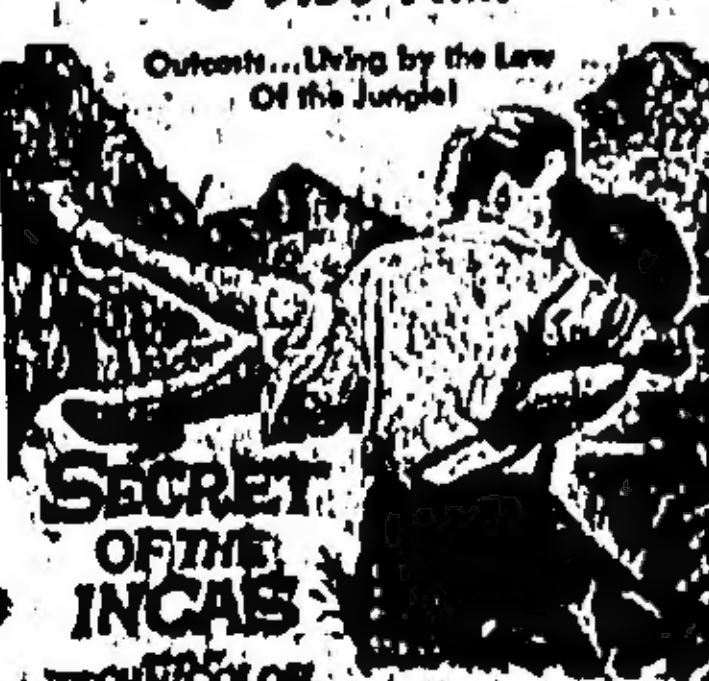
GREAT WALL DRAMA GROUP presents

## "THUNDERSTORM"

An all stars cast - Mandarin Drama Admissions: \$8.90, \$6., \$4.70, \$3.00 &amp; \$1.70 tax incl.

## CAPITOL RITZ

AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 &amp; 9.30 P.M.



TECHNICOLOR

M. QUARON HESTON - ROBERT YOUNG

Sunday Morning Show

At 12.30 p.m.

"MASSACRE RIVER"

Next Change

"LITTLE BOY LOU"

5 SHOWS TO-DAY

At 12.30, 2.30, 5.30 7.30 &amp; 9.30 P.M.



MODERN TIMES

## FILMS Current &amp; Coming BY JANE ROBERTS

## The New Films At A Glance

## SHOWING

EMPIRE, KING'S and PRINCESS: "The Paleface": A re-issue of a comedy western with Bob Hope as a timid prairie flower and Jane Russell as his fearless protector. HOOPER and LIBERTY: "Jupiter's Darling". Two armies wait while Hannibal dillies under the walls of Rome with a Roman maiden. Howard Keel, Esther Williams and Marge and Gower Champion. NEW YORK and GREAT WORLD: "Gate of Hell". A Japanese tragedy, beautifully photographed. QUEEN'S and ALHAMBRA: "Down Three Dark Streets". An FBI man finds the common denominator in three different crime cases. Broderick Crawford, Ruth Roman and Martha Hyer. ROXY and BROADWAY: "The Dark Avenger". Errol Flynn, as Edward the Black Prince, indulges in some sword-play in defence of Joanne Dru. Peter Finch meets the death reserved for actors who support well-known stars.

## COMING

HOOPER and LIBERTY: "Marie Antoinette". A re-issue with Norma Shearer, Robert Morley and Tyrone Power that induces nostalgia for the days when Shearer was Queen of the Screen. KING'S and PRINCESS: "The Man from Bitter Ridge". A western. Lex Barker, Mara Corday and Stephen McNally. "Casanova Brown". Gary Cooper and Teresa Wright romance together. "Run For Cover". A sheriff with a past tries repeatedly and profitably to reform a young range warden. James Cagney and John Derek. NEW YORK and GREAT WORLD: "Up to his Neck". Ronald Shiner against a Royal Navy background. Many of the gags seem to have been lost at sea. QUEEN'S and ALHAMBRA: "Duel in the Sun". A good son, a bad son and a half Indian girl in some love scenes that have taken their inspiration from the desert sun-set. Jennifer Jones, Joseph Cotten, and Gregory Peck. ROXY and BROADWAY: "Hansel and Gretel".



Esther Williams — the star of "Jupiter's Darling".

"Jupiter's Darling" is a musical romp through the pages of history. Here and there it throws in an established fact or so about the events 200 years B.C. but only in the most light-hearted fashion — even apologetically.

Hannibal is shaking his fist at Rome, and Fabius, whose policy when fighting the Carthaginians is to avoid meeting them if possible, has decided to send a little decoy out to distract Hannibal's attention from his unprepared city.

The decoy is Esther Williams, his own betrothed — which is generous of him, to say the least. Now, as everyone knows, Miss Williams is a most delectable creature whether she is wearing the BC line or the latest thing in modern sylvestris, and the trick works.

The rest of the historical detail is equally imaginative, but it gives Howard Keel, as a very manly, bolsterous and uninhibited Hannibal some new conies, and allows Esther Williams to get in a little undercurrent work while escaping from the enemy.

The colouring is exceptionally lovely and the costumes appear to be fittingly expensive for a CinemaScope romp a little extravaganza. They might even be advertisements for durability too, judging by the manhandling Esther takes without falling out of them.

My favourite sequence is of Howard Keel wooing Esther Williams with song in the middle of a ruined temple. It's a most romantic scene and from their attitudes it looks as though they are both enjoying it to the full. They are rudely interrupted by Roman soldiers, and Hannibal, after flinging his lady-love with spine-shattering force into his chariot, manages to get away just in time, but with the darkest suspicions forming in his mind about the innocence of his complaint partner.

"How could they have known I was there?" he demands of her. "How could they have missed you," she retorts with spirit, "singing your head off like that".

Marge and Gower Champion dance their way through the story with equal insouciance, though I found their arrangements a little disappointing and there's a lugubrious historian plodding along in the wake of Hannibal, exaggerating — and whitewashing — "for posterity."

## A New Japanese Film

"Gate of Hell" is, like many of the Japanese pictures, about the distant past. With so many legends and stories to call upon, it's hardly any wonder that this mine has been tapped so frequently in preference to the present and more recent past.

Briefly it is the story of a faithful wife who chooses to die rather than submit to the persistent attentions of a would-be lover.

It is hardly necessary to refer to the loving care with which the picture has been photographed. In a Japanese picture this is coming to be a matter of course. Or to mention the stylized acting of Machiko Kyo who, although ugly to western eyes, has the assurance of a woman who knows exactly what her value is. What is unusual is the amount of movement it possesses.

However much we may admire Japanese films as artistic achievements, they are, like many meritorious accomplishments, often tedious to watch. The characters in "Gate of Hell" appear more expressive of human feeling than have those in its forerunners. The husband has a kindness and an understanding of his wife's difficulties that is summed up in his lament over her dead body. He grieves, not so much for her death, but for the state of mind that must have driven her to such a step. He is sad that she did not come to him to help her face the threats of his rival, but in her loneliness, thinking it the only solution, tricked her attacker into killing her in mistake for her husband.

The rival himself is not painted as an entirely evil man. Throughout most of the picture, it is true, he is a menace to the happiness of the quiet, scholarly husband and his sensitive wife, but at the beginning, when he is sedulously wooing her from a mob, and at the end, when he is overcome with shame at the dreadful results of his recklessness since it was made.

## Glamour For Balance

Broderick Crawford gives us a dependable, likable, but hardly romantic cop in "Down Three Dark Streets" and the exception is refreshing. The glamour of the girls in the picture seems to be almost wasted on a man whose mind is so obviously on his job.

It's not a big, heavily publicized picture, but it's one that sends you away with the comfortable feeling of satisfaction that once again Broderick Crawford has proved to be an experienced actor who can be relied on to give a good performance, whatever the role.

The girls implicated in this three cases he has to solve are Martha Hyer, Ruth Roman and Martha Pavan.

## How Peck Earned Stardom

"Duel in the Sun" is a film made some time ago by Jennifer Jones, Gregory Peck and Joseph Cotten before Peck really came into his own as a big name on the screen and at a time when Harry Carey and Lionel Barrymore were still alive — this will give you some idea of it's age.

It is being shown at a time when we have hardly had a chance to experience the effect of the new self-directed Hollywood director that less violence must be shown in films, so it's brutality and in places, worldliness will come as no great shock, after the lapse of time since it was made.

his household when he marries his fiancée, Miss Helen. Luke, hearing that the girl has been carried off by Jesse, draws his own conclusions and never, in his arrogance, doubting that she has gone against her will, shoots Jesse for peaching on his preserves. Knowing that in spite of her love for him, Jesse has only affection in his mind for her, the girl sets off on her rendezvous with one thought in her simple mind: to kill Luke before he can have a second shot at Jesse.

Things don't go according to plan and the lovers die in each other's arms, covered with blood from the gunshot wounds they have inflicted on each other, with the dust that contributed to the title it earned itself among the cinema-going public, and with sweat from the struggle to crawl towards each other gasping their last words of love.

## Flynn Swashes And Buckles

The publicity for "The Dark Avenger" advertises the perennially acrobatic swashbuckler as "the devil-may-care Errol Flynn you've always admired". At least it's honest. Run through the pictures that Flynn has made in the past, crystallise your feelings about them, and you'll need no further advice from me as to the merits and demerits of "The Dark Avenger".

For admirers of Peter Finch, however, the decision may be a little more difficult. As the charming criminal in "The Detective", bullying Elizabeth Taylor in "Elephant Walk" or being the sympathetic priest in "The Heart of the Matter" — in all these, he had, by screen standards, fairly adult roles and he brought a different approach to them that stamped him as a competent actor with an unusual charm who would probably develop into a film star far above the ordinary. In "The Dark Avenger", he too swashbuckles.

The story purports to be a piece of history carved from the Hundred Years' War, with Errol Flynn left behind in France by his father, King Edward II to rule Aquitaine, recently won from the French.

In spite of a temporary truce between England and France, there are, very naturally, more than a few people in Aquitaine who feel that far from being liberators, their cousins from across the sea are aggressors. One can hardly blame them: the two terms sometimes get a little mixed even today.

Peter Finch has been cast as the villain of the piece — a French nobleman who, rather unfairly I feel, meets his doom in defence of his strategy of inciting the English to break the truce.

The bait is Lady Joan Holland, played by Joanne Dru. Her abduction is calculated to bring reprisals — which it does, enabling Errol Flynn to dress up in a suit of black armour and canter about the French countryside swashing and buckling sub rosa, so to speak, his disguise being so perfect that it fools the French guerrillas into taking him to their manly hearts.

A picture that can make one twice as sick and wish with venom that the villain would cleave the Old English is for quarters has entertainment value, however, if not historical accuracy.

## Watch The Ads

Although the King's and Princess are following their usual policy of showing the same pictures, it will be as well to watch their advertisements, during next week, as the Princess will be showing films for three days while the King's have a Chinese stage show, and the arrangement will be reversed when the stage show has finished at the King's.

## KOWLOON RESTAURANT

Famous Chinese & European Food DINE, WINE & DANCE NIGHTLY MISS JULIE & HER ORCHESTRA 221D-E, Nathan Rd., Kowloon. Tel: 57171

Please note that our telephone number will be changed to 62988 as from 31st July 1955

## QUEEN'S &amp; ALHAMBRA

SHOWING TO-DAY



ADDED ATTRACTION! MARCIANO-COCKELL FIGHT

NEXT CHANGE



## ALHAMBRA

TOMORROW AT 11.30 A.M. ONLY

WB's presents CLYDE BEATTY &amp; MICKEY SPILLANE

"RING OF FEAR"

In CinemaScope &amp; Warner Color

REDUCED PRICES: \$1.50, \$1.00 &amp; 70 Cts.

## HOOPER &amp; LIBERTY

CAUSEWAY BAY TEL. 72371 KOWLOON TEL. 50333

## OPENING TO-DAY

At 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 and 9.30 p.m.



Perspecta Stereophonic Sound

Based on the play by DOROTHY KINGSLEY - Based on the play "Duel in the Sun" by ROBERT L. SHERWOOD

Songs: BURTON LANE, CAROL ADAMS - Choreography by HERMAN PAN - Photographed in EASTMAN COLOR

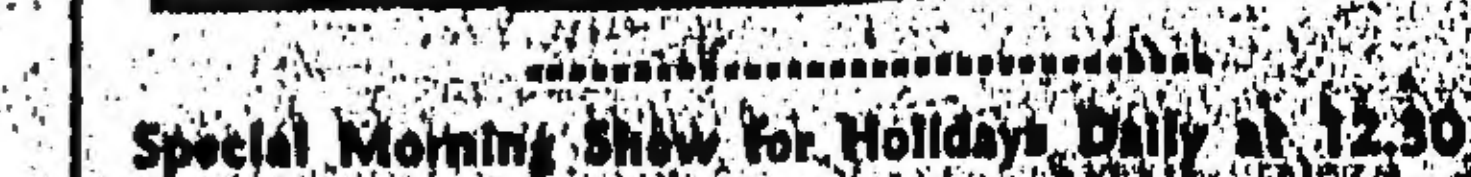
Directed by GEORGE SIDNEY - Produced by GEORGE WELLS

5 SHOWS TO-MORROW HOOPER: 12.00 1st Matinee LIBERTY: 12.30

## ORIENTAL

SHOWING TO-DAY AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 &amp; 9.30 P.M.

4-Track Stereophonic Sound — Wide Screen!



Special Morning Show for Holidays Daily at 12.30 p.m.

TO-MORROW: William Holden in "THE MOON IS BLUE"

MONDAY: TECHNICOLOR CARTOON PROGRAMME









PUTTING the finishing touches on his work at East Church, Kent, is sculptor Hilary Stratton. The statue will mark the first home of British aviation in the 15th century village. It was here that in 1909 the Admiralty sent a small group of men who later became the nucleus of the Royal Naval Air Service. (Express)

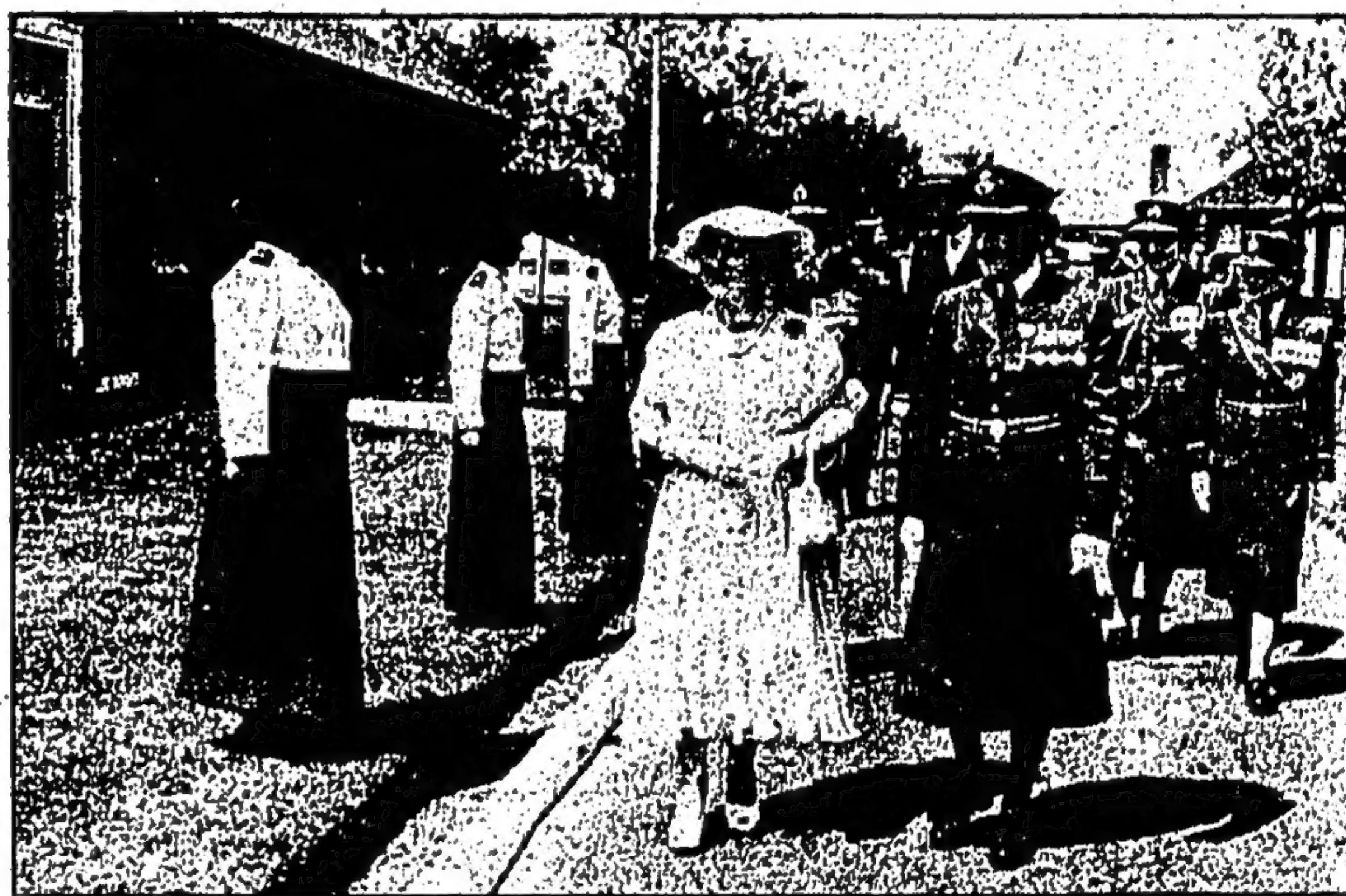
## HOMESIDE PICTORIAL



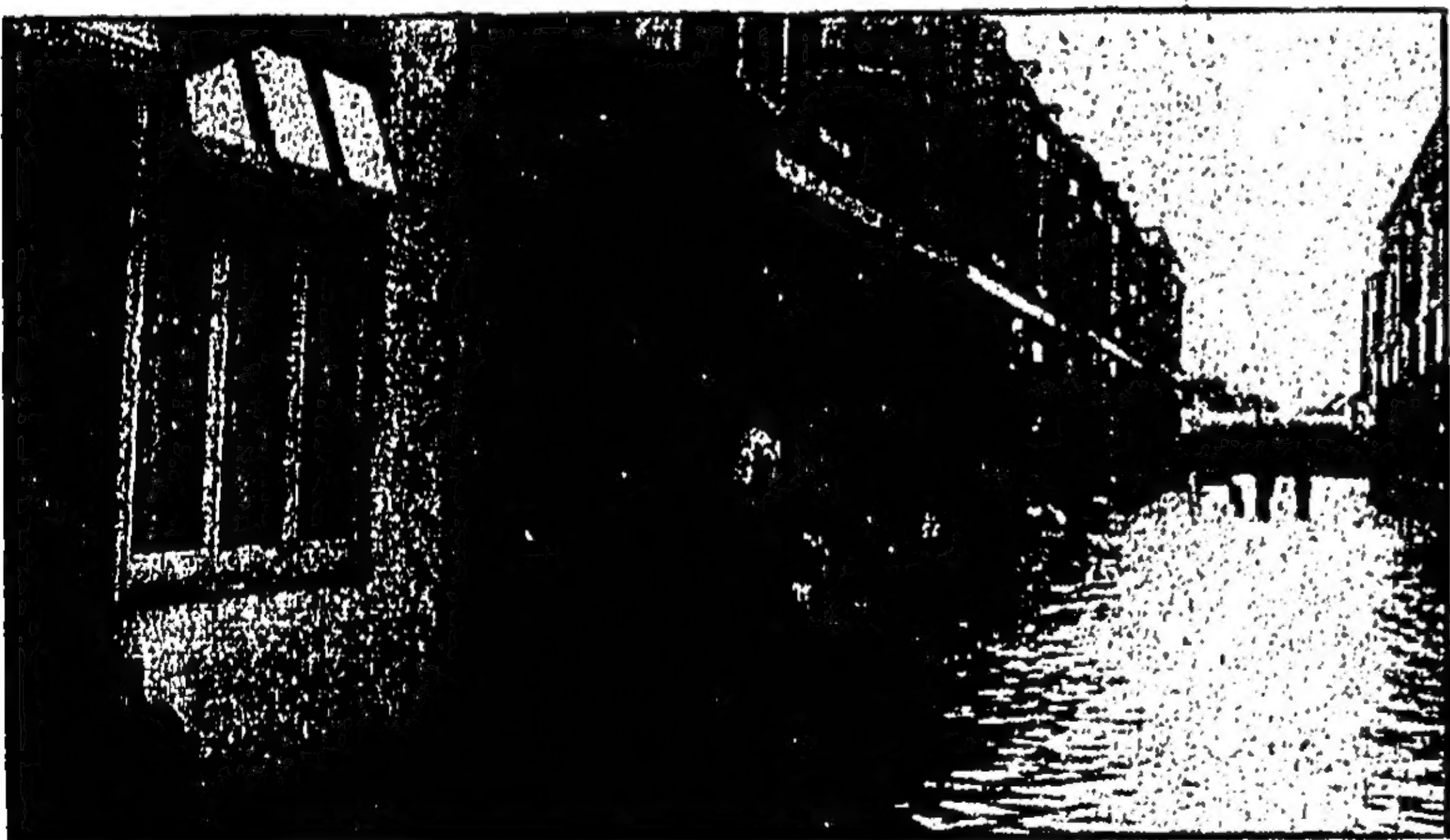
SMILES from Her Majesty the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh for some of the guests at the recent garden party at Buckingham Palace. (Express)



LEFT: Mrs Phyllis Slapera home again from Czechoslovakia—and at the door of his Suffolk cottage to greet her is her father, who had waited anxiously for her return after her nine years' imprisonment. The tiny Suffolk town where she was born turned out en masse to welcome her and her three children. (Express)

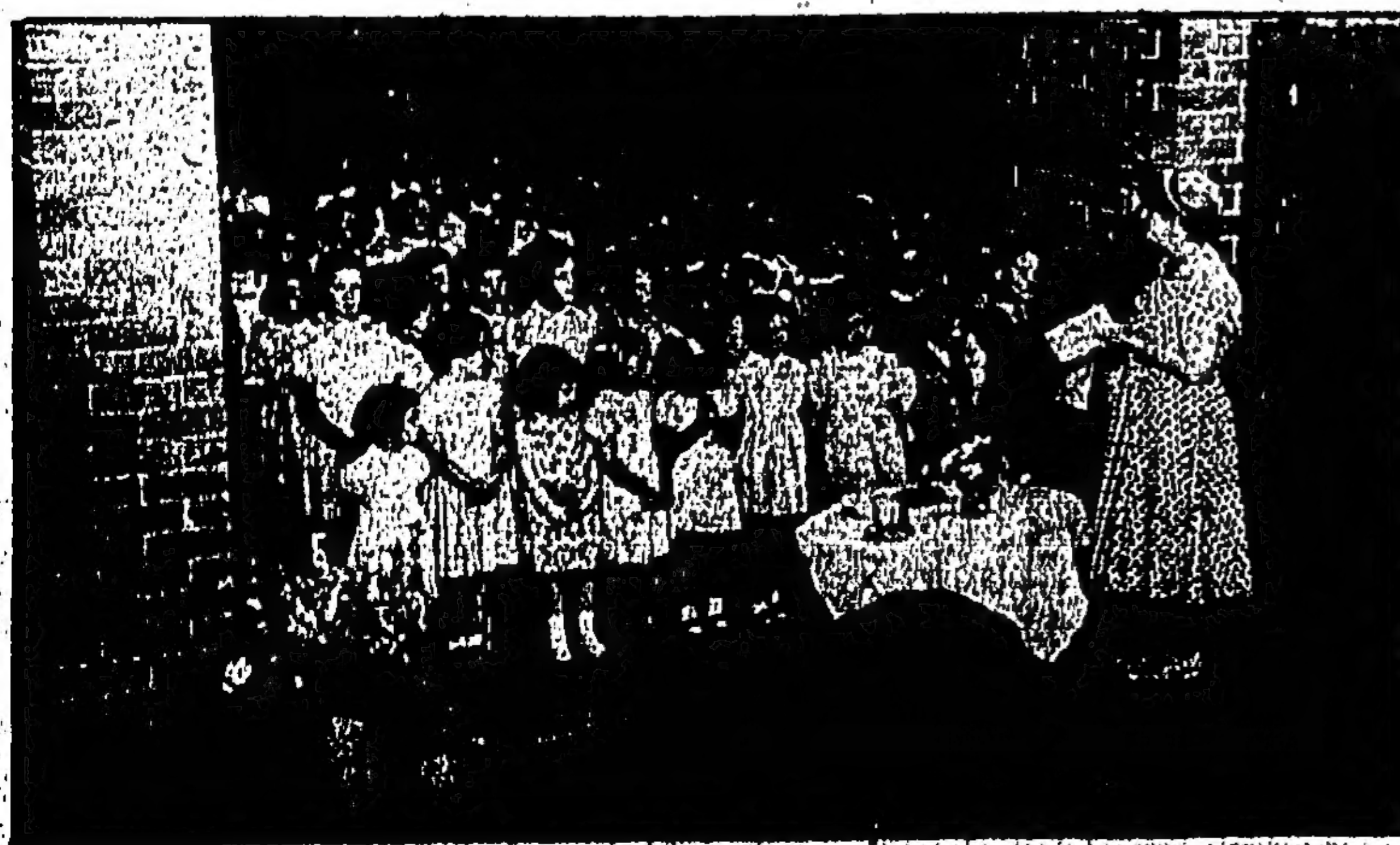


HER MAJESTY the Queen Mother, accompanied by HRH Air Chief Commandant the Duchess of Gloucester, on her visit to the RAF Station, Hawkinge, Kent. Burmese officers in training line the route to the WRAF quarters. (Express)



THE citizens of Weymouth, in Devon, could go boating down the main street after a series of violent cloudbursts sent the nearby River Wey over its banks. Hundreds were made homeless. (Express)

BELOW: Six days a week the garage behind Mrs Pat Qibell's home in Rotherham, Yorkshire, houses a car and a van, but on Sunday she wheels them out and holds a Sunday school class there. (Express)



MR Barnett Janner, Socialist M.P. for West Leicester, shows the knife that startled the House of Commons. He had asked the Home Secretary if he would stop the import, manufacture and sale of flick-knives being carried by teenage gangs. When Mr Janner flashed the weapon in the chamber, Members shouted "Oh" and "Order." The Speaker intervened. (Express)



SAUCY ballet star Alexandra Danilova has made a hit with London audiences with her impersonation of a come-hither French tightrope walker in a ballet entitled "Mlle Fil" at the Royal Festival Hall. In the ballet she is loved by a father and son. Michael Maule, seen with her here, plays the younger man. (Express)



ATTRACTIVE 16-year-old Iris Pollakova, who was elected "Girl of the Year" by the Soho Visual Arts Club, demonstrating the Can-Can, which was one of the features of the recent Soho Fair. (Express)



CORPORAL A. Connor, leader of the team from the Military Hospital, Chester, receiving from Lt-Gen. Sir Humphrey Gale, Colonel Commandant of the Army Catering Corps, the cup for winning the hospital team cooking competition. (Army News)

### NANCY



By Ernie Bushmiller

**BLACK  
MAGIC**  
ASSORTED  
CHOCOLATES



## Andrew Makes History

by  
JOHN MCKENNA

London. "RICHARD Henry Andrew," reports Socialist Aneurin Bevan's magazine, Tribune, solemnly, "has driven his ambulance slip through the Bridlington Agreement."

No. Richard Henry Andrew is not a trick circus rider.

But his feat, even when you have untangled Tribune's metaphor, is not the less surprising.

Ambulance driver Andrew has made trade union history—history which may have a startling effect on trade union organisation, not only in Britain but through the Commonwealth as well.

Oddly, the headlines have passed him by.

But his story is this:

He belonged to the Confederation of Health Service Employees. One day, he decided that the CHSE wasn't doing the kind of job he expected from his trade union. He joined the National Union of Public Employees.

★ ★ ★

The Confederation fumed. The Trades Union Congress decided that the move was a contravention of the "Bridlington" agreement—the agreement which officially bars "poaching."

So the NUPE was ordered to hand Andrew back to the Confederation.

Andrew took the case to court.

The judge, Mr Justice Wilson, ruled that Andrew couldn't be pushed around like that, and granted him an injunction restraining the NUPE from expelling him.

In other words, the trade union agreement by which a man becomes the "property" of a given union and no other union is allowed to accept him has been declared at variance with the law—at least in this particular case.

It is just this point which led to the long, costly, frustrating, dock strike. Some dockers got tired of the late Arthur Denkin's Transport and General Workers Union.

Another union took them on. But under pressure from the TG & WU, which screamed "poaching", the dock employers wouldn't recognise the rebels.

As unions grow ever bigger, more impersonal, remote and complicated, the situation will crop up with an ever-growing frequency.

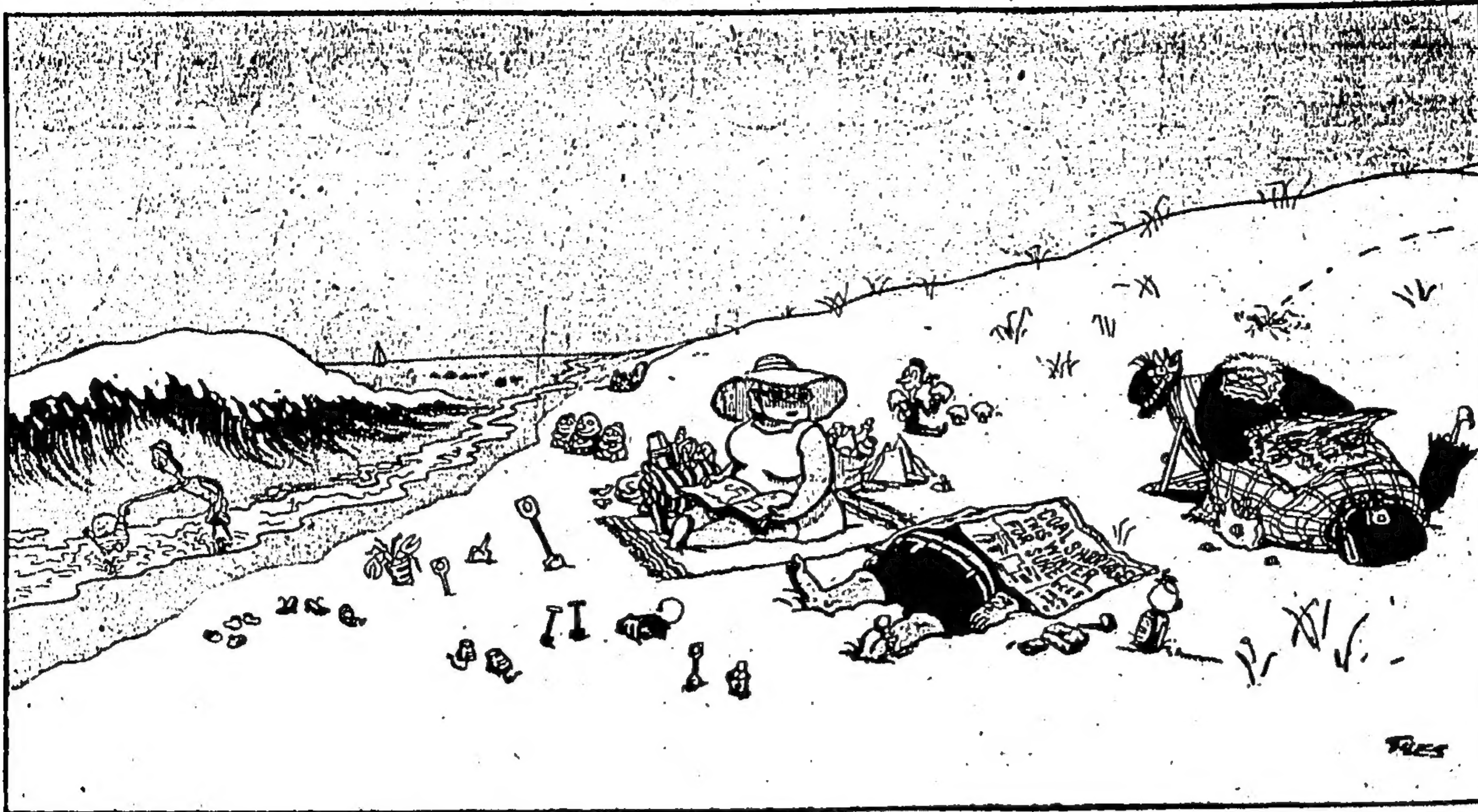
Either men will rebel and join or form a new union when their minor grievances are passed over as too small to merit the attention of an industrial giant in the union business, or flare-ups in the form of unofficial strikes will fill the gap.

★ ★ ★

As long as the "Bridlington Agreement" can be upheld, the gents can keep the troops in order.

But it looks as though its days may be numbered—and courts elsewhere are equally likely to hold that British justice and the principle that a man can be held as a " chattel " by a trade union are not compatible.

As Tribune concluded: "How many trade union quarrels in the courts must there be before the unions realise that no one has the right to treat a man like a chattel slave?"



"That's a nice thing to say to Grandma when she asked you what our coal stock's like at home." London Express Service

## NOW THE NOSE-DIVE INTO HISTORY

Graham Wallace concludes "Flight to Glory" the story of Alcock and Brown, Pathfinders of the Atlantic

Caught in a violent storm, Alcock and Brown's plane gets out of control and plunges to what seems certain disaster.

ALCOCK regained control over the engines and throttled them back, but he still could not check the headlong plunge of the Vimy towards the Atlantic.

The needle of the altimeter had almost reached zero, when they left the storm as quickly as they had entered it, falling out from that treacherous black cloud only 60 ft. above the waves.

Alcock instinctively righted the Vimy and they flew on, splashed by the spray from the Atlantic rollers. Brown regained his composure and looked at the compass. To his amazement he saw that they were heading straight back to Newfoundland.

### Driving show

HE nudged Alcock and pointed to the compass. Alcock burst into a roar of laughter, then he swung the Vimy round in a wide turn back on course for Ireland.

Two hours later they were fighting for their lives in a snowstorm at 8,000ft. The wings and struts were jammed, the engine air-intakes blocked,

and the petrol gauges smothered with snow. Alcock needed all his strength to move the controls, but he continued to climb, hoping to fly out of the storm and, perhaps, to catch a glimpse of the sun.

The two Rolls-Royce Eagles were labouring, starved of air by the altitude and the driving snow.

Brown knew what had to be done if they were to survive. He released his safety-belt and stood up in the cockpit, pulling off his mittens to leave his hands free for work.

Without hesitation, he climbed up on to the fuselage. Alcock looked round and tried to pull him back, but Brown savagely pushed him

his companion spinning down to the Atlantic 10,000ft. below.

Shortly after seven that morning, 15 hours after leaving Newfoundland, they climbed out of that terrible storm at 11,000ft and glimpsed the sun.

For the last time Brown leapt up in his seat to take a sight. Jubilantly he scribbled a message for Alcock—less than 100 miles to Ireland.

Alcock pushed the joystick forwards and began to descend, hoping to find warmer air below.

### Into clear air

THEY glided out of the clouds into clear air, a bare 500ft. over the restless seas. Alcock opened both throttles. The engines responded without a falter.

They made a scrappy breakfast of sandwiches and coffee. Brown had just turned round to his seat to stow away the empty flask when Alcock grabbed him by the shoulder and twisted him round, pointing ahead excitedly, and yelling inaudible words in his ear.

There in line with the nose of the Vimy, were two tiny specks—lands off the coast of Ireland.

In a few minutes they were flying over the little town of Clifden, looking for a landing field. Alcock spotted a level expanse of green grass alongside a large wireless station.

As he circled round the aerial masts and prepared to land, people came running out of the buildings and waved excitedly at the Vimy. They were trying to drive Alcock and Brown away from that deceptive patch of green, which covered a deep and treacherous bog.

But it was too late. Alcock cut the engines and glided down towards what he thought was a smooth green field. The Vimy plunged nose first into the mud and slime but neither man was hurt.

### At 118 mph

THEIR great Atlantic flight was over—they had flown from Newfoundland to Ireland in 15 hours and 57 minutes, at an average speed of 118 m.p.h.

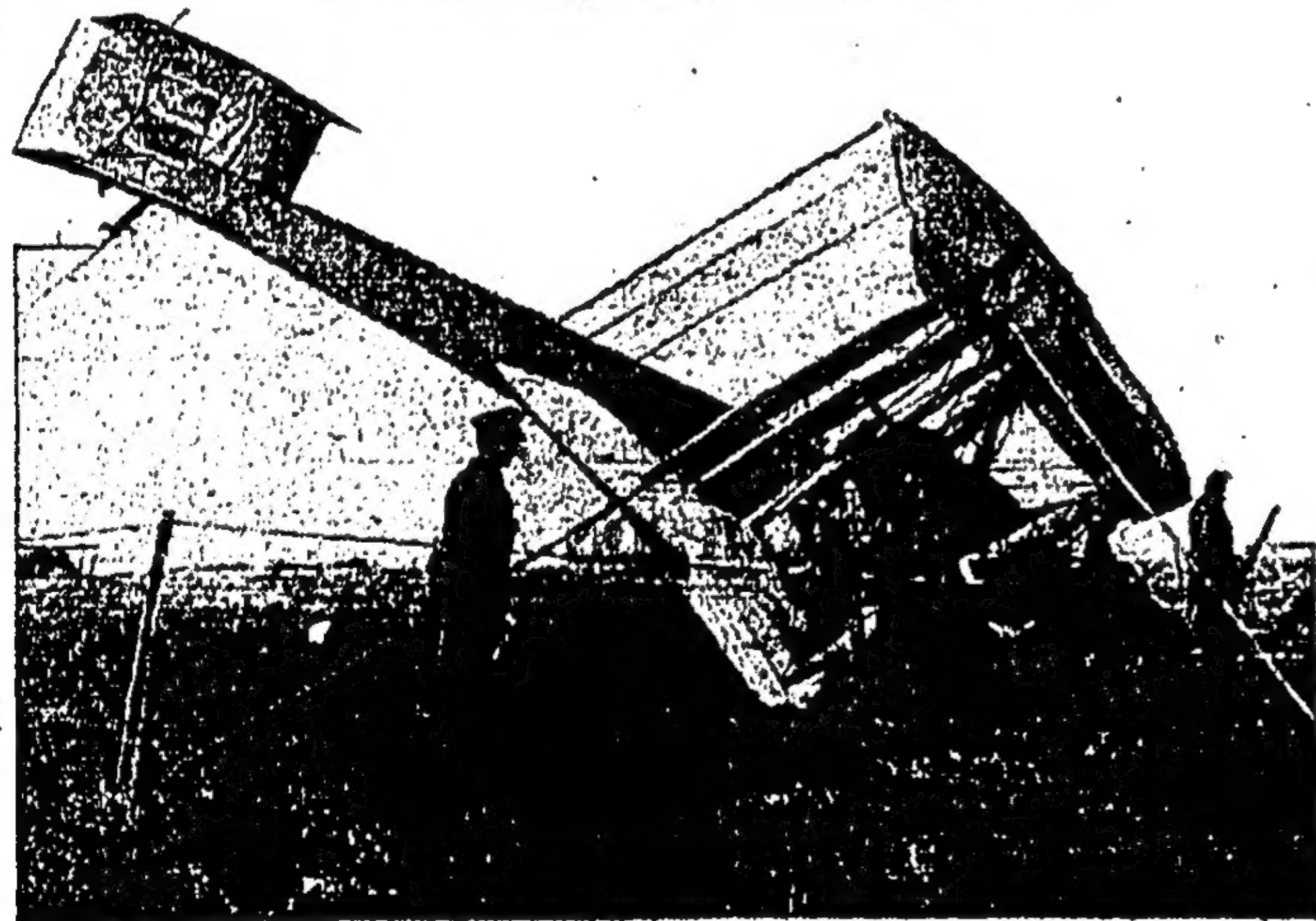
It was typical of Alcock and Brown to remember the team of faithful mechanics left in Newfoundland. They cabled at once: "Your hard work and splendid efforts have been amply rewarded. We did not let you down."

Their flight caused a tremendous sensation at the time. Thousands turned out to greet them all along their route from Ireland to London. Hysterical crowds packed to welcome them at London and escort them in triumph through the streets.

Both were knighted by King George V., and Winston Churchill, then Secretary of State for War presented them with the Daily Mail cheque for £10,000 at a luncheon given in their honour at the Savoy.

Alcock was killed in December 1919 when he crashed while flying in a new amphibian aircraft over France. Brown never flew again. He married Kathleen Kennedy and quietly resumed his work as an

THE VIMY CAME DOWN LIKE THIS, BUT IT HAD SOARED AND CONQUERED



It looked like a smooth green field, but it was an Irish bog, and that's where the first non-stop flight across the Atlantic ended. There was mud. There was slime. But there was victory.

## SEARCH FOR HITLER MONEY

From Ian Lawson

Berlin. THE officials administering the property left by Hitler are determined to prevent his relatives from getting anything, and the West Berlin Senate have decided on a plan that will thwart their efforts.

A search for the cash believed to have been left by the dictator in banks under assumed names is now feverishly going on, but so far only a few millions have been uncovered.

The biggest mystery is what has happened to the royalties from "Mein Kampf" and other books and published speeches.

And, moreover, the Berlin plan can be put into action, officials

must know the exact amount of the estate.

The plan follows a Supreme Court ruling that Berchtesgaden, Hitler's Bavarian retreat, shall issue a death certificate establishing it as his last official residence.

However, all de-Nazification courts have been dissolved in Western Germany and they cannot be re-established. This means that Hitler can never be classed as a Nazi in Western Germany and his relatives can immediately lay claim to the estate.

But Berlin is in a special class. The de-Nazification court

remains open until December 31, and the city Senate has power to pass a special law prolonging it.

All political parties agree this shall be done.

The court will then declare Hitler a Nazi and a major offender. And a fine, fixed at the exact amount of Hitler's estate, will then be announced.

Estimates of the estate have varied between \$12,000,000 and \$237,000,000, and many relatives have already made claims. They include his sister, the parents of Eva Braun, who was married to this No. 1 Nazi during the siege of Berlin, Eva's uncle and Hitler's

away and lowered himself on to the port wing. The snow

smothered his body in a cloud of ice while he clung to a strut and fumbled in his pockets for a knife.

### Heart pounded

HIS crippled leg slipped on the icy surface and the wind tore at his clothing as he grimly inched his way towards the engine. With the propeller only a few inches from his body and the exhaust roaring in his face, he managed to chip the ice off the gauges and clear the air-intakes.

The exertion made him pant and gasp for air, his heart pounded with the altitude, and the great gulps of icy air that he breathed left him gasping.

Not once, but six times he forced himself on to the wings, while Alcock fought to keep the Vimy on an even keel, knowing that a single jerk would send

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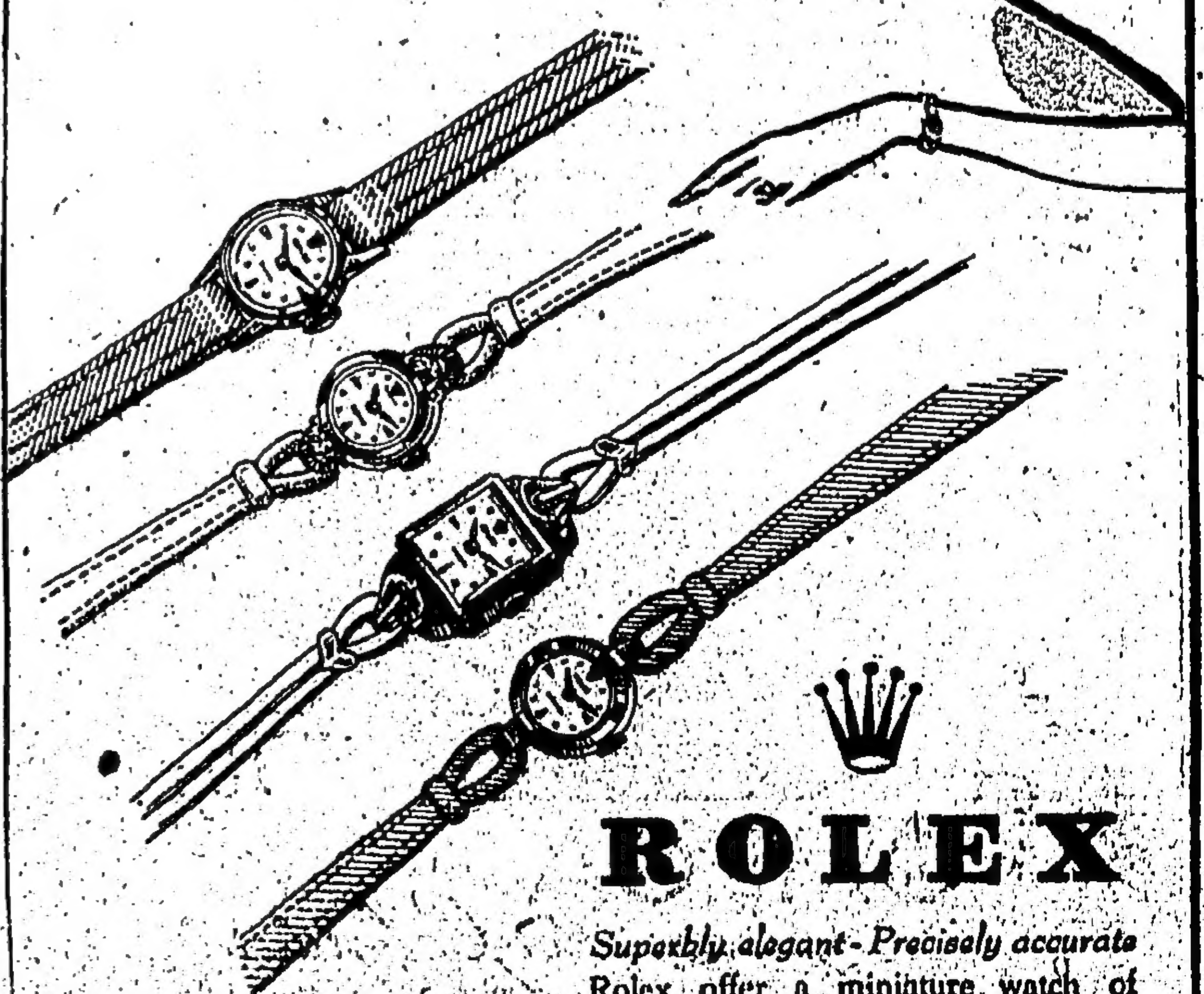
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# THE ROYAL DOCTOR COMES TO WINGATE'S RESCUE

**BRITAIN'S STRANGEST HERO—CHAPTER 6**

IN the summer of 1941 an agent of the Palestine Jews working at G.H.Q., Middle East Forces, sent a message to the Jewish Agency in Jerusalem. It said: "Ya Hedid is gravely ill, and may die. Please inform Weismann and Sher-tok."

Y a Hedid (Hebrew for "The Friend") was Wingate's code-name in the Jewish secret army. Almost immediately Sher-tok (now Moshe Shartok, Prime Minister of Israel) appeared in Cairo and went to the 15th General Hospital, where Wingate was a patient after trying to kill himself by cutting his throat. Sher-tok took with him a friend from Wingate's earlier days in Palestine, a young Italian Jew named Sireni, who subsequently parachuted into Italy for the Allies and died in Dachau.

Sher-tok and his companion found Wingate propped up in bed, his throat swathed in bandages. They were greeted in the waiting-room of the hospital by Akavia, Wingate's Jewish secretary, who had just flown north from Ethiopia.

## MISERABLE

AKAVIA was extremely distressed, and repeatedly said: "If only my plane had been on time this would not have happened."

They spoke briefly to Chapman-Andrews (now Britain's ambassador to the Lebanon), who had campaigned with Wingate in Ethiopia, and had helped to get him to hospital after the catastrophe at the Continental Hotel. "How is Colonel Wingate?" they asked. "You will find him in a very bad state," Chapman-Andrews replied.

He was understating. Wingate had never looked more low and

HE WAS A WRECK, A FAILURE. THEY THOUGHT HIS CAREER WAS FINISHED. AND THEN SUDDENLY HE FOUND THE PATH THAT WAS TO LEAD HIM TO GLORY

by  
**LEONARD MOSLEY**

miserable. Above the great bandage around his neck the face was pale and the eyes were dull with despair. He looked at Sireni with little interest, shook hands apathetically with Sher-tok, and then said to him:

"Sher-tok, I don't need to tell you about me. You know that even though I am a British Jew my destiny is linked for all time with your people. I am a Zionist and I believe in Zionism. I believe one day the Jews will have their own independent country. I believe that, whether your people have to fight to get it, or whether they have to fight to keep it, the army that does battle for your freedom will be led by me."

"I know that one day you will ask me to be Commander-in-Chief of the Army of Israel. It is because I know one day you will ask me to undertake this task that I want you to know all about me. Exactly what sort of a man I am. What kind of things I am capable of doing." He touched the bandage around his neck and pulled at it contemptuously. "This, for instance. What have you been told about this?"

Sher-tok informed him that, so far as anyone in Cairo knew, Wingate had fallen in his hotel and injured himself.

"Nonsense. It is not true. I took a knife and cut my throat. I intended to kill myself, and I should be dead now if someone had not heard me groaning and broken down the door."

He beckoned Sher-tok to come nearer. "Do you see what sort of a man I am? I try to kill myself—and I do not even make a good job of it. If you still want me as the leader of your army, remember this!"

## IN DESPAIR

IT was the beginning of the blackest period of Wingate's life. For the next few months he was to live in the pit of despair, wallowing in not unjustified self-pity at his situation.

It would be an exaggeration to say that many people at G. H. Q., Middle East Forces, were appalled at his situation, and there were some to whom it represented a good excuse for celebration. The upstart soldier from the bush who had dared to criticise them had proved not only weak but incompetently weak. He had made such a clumsy job of his suicide attempt that, it must be admitted, even some of his friends were surprised.

Many times I had talked with Wingate about suicide in the

Sudan and Ethiopia. He knew I had been a correspondent in Germany until the outbreak of war and asked me many questions about conditions in concentration camps. I told him:

"But why don't they commit suicide?" he asked, and when I replied that this was not so simple if you had neither belt nor braces, knives nor spoons, and were low in physical health, he was contemptuous.

"You don't need weapons to kill yourself with," he said. He lifted up his arm and brought it to his mouth. "All you need to do is bite through your veins and bleed to death."

Now he was, that most pathetic and pitiable of all characters, a failed suicide. He had botched the most desperate decision of his life and become an object of derision to his enemies and a figure of doubt to his friends.

## LOST PRESTIGE

WITH one ill-timed and clumsily handled cut of a knife, he had dissipated all the prestige which his campaign in Ethiopia had begun to gather for him. He had returned to Cairo a soldier whose exploits were, so far, unknown and his future uncertain. Time, plus the self-evident achievements of his Ethiopian period, would have taken care of that. But who would continue to employ a man whose only answer to criticism, antagonism and stupidity was to cut his own throat, inefficiently?

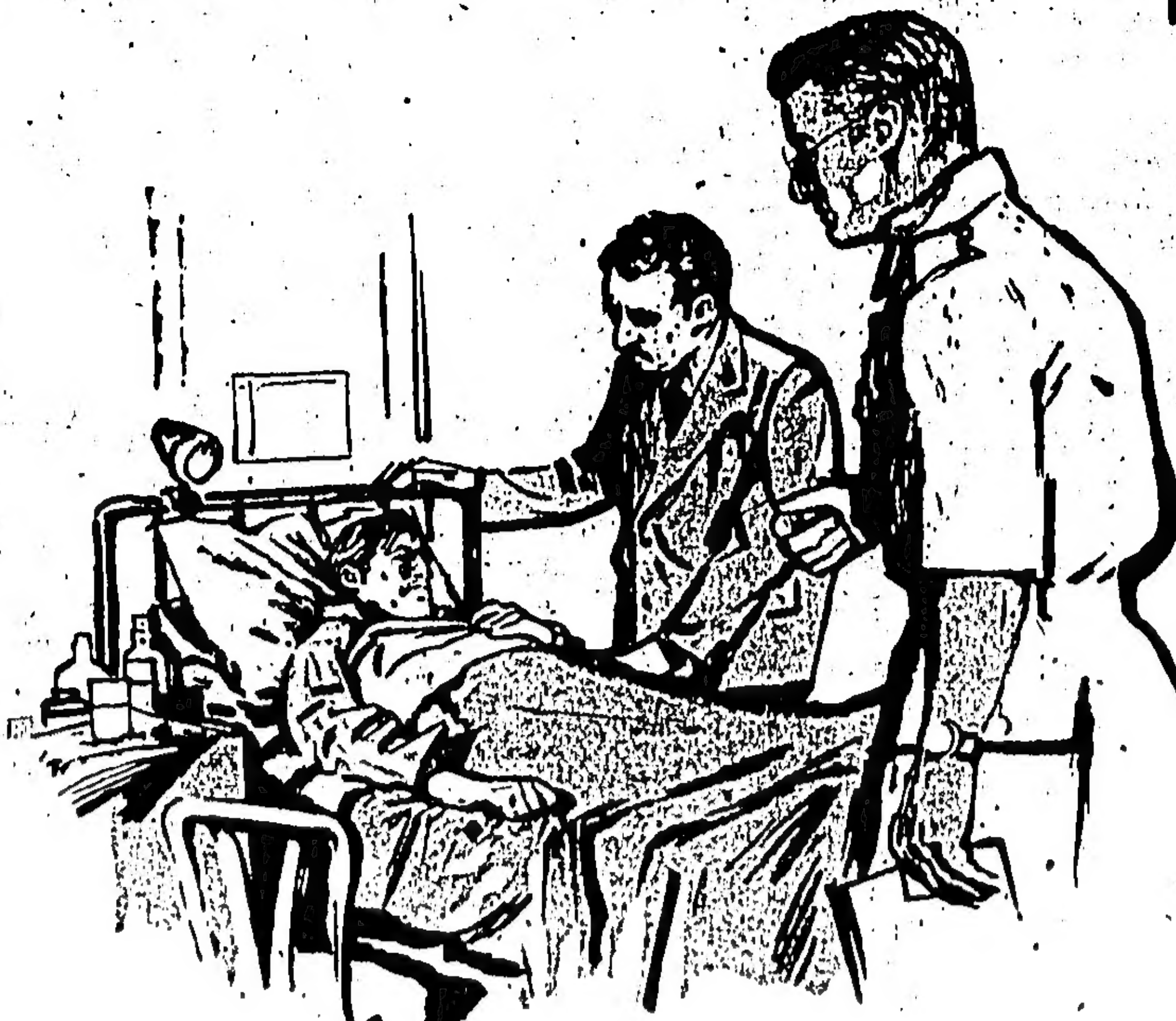
He lay there in his bed at the 15th General Hospital, only too well aware of the extent of his failure and the profound consequences of his mistake. Only a few of his friends, who joyfully visited him each day, knew that he was physically at the lowest ebb, his enormous reserves of energy sapped by months of malaria, cold, damp, and hunger; and that, mentally, he was in one of his Satanic periods, when evil and the urge for self-destruction were still sinking, like a batten but still hopeful dog, through the dark alleys of his mind.

## WORST MOMENT

HIS worst moment in Cairo came when Akavia was with him and a nurse brought in his mail. There were letters from his wife, which he put aside to read when he was alone, and one from G.H.Q., Middle East Forces.

Until this moment, despite the wound in his neck, he had still been Colonel Wingate, the victor of Ethiopia, but the letter addressed him as Major Wingate. He was back to his substantive rank, without a word of warning, once more; and no prospects in sight.

The following day, without any of his friends being informed, Major Orde Wingate was taken from hospital and loaded into an ambulance. A few days later he sailed from Suez in a hospital ship by way of the Cape for home.



THE DRAMA IN A CAIRO HOSPITAL

Wingate, pale, apathetic, roused himself to say: "I know that one day you will ask me to be Commander-in-Chief of the Army of Israel."

The report from the doctors in Cairo was such that in South Africa, he was taken ashore and appeared before a medical board, which included mental specialists, at Pietermaritzburg. The report which these doctors subsequently wrote (the examination took place on October 8, 1941) was forwarded to the War Office in London.

And, as Orde Wingate neared home his dilemma was not, as he had once hoped, to decide which victorious forces he would command next in the war, but whether he would be court-martialled for wounding himself to escape further service or invalided from the Army as a mental case in need of psychiatric attention.

His wife was a great comfort to him, and gave him unfailing encouragement, but there were few people, even his most fervent admirers, who imagined that Orde Wingate would ever be anything but a nervous wreck.

"He had moments when he acted like a gibbering maniac," said one of his friends. "It was heart-breaking to be with him. He was a wreck of a man."

## ADMIRATION

ONE man, however, who never lost faith in Wingate's eventual emergence from the slough of despair was his doctor, a middle-aged, stolidly-built Jew named Ben Kounine. Kounine, a man of profound knowledge and a deep-seated interest in his fellowmen, had known Wingate for a long time, and was well aware of the

tempests that were apt to rage in his brain. He admired his patient, but with something less than the adulation that other Jews had displayed towards him. His attitude to Wingate was that of a not-too-indulgent, not-too-adulatory big brother.

Kounine sympathised with the religious conflicts which blew so gustily through Wingate's mind.

It is almost certainly due to his determination that Orde Wingate, that winter of 1941, was kept in the Army and sent forth to win fame as a general in Burma.

Kounine was determined to rout the attempts of Wingate's

enemies to get him either court-martialled or sacked. To that end, he enlisted the aid of a distinguished colleague. He asked King George VI's doctor, Lord Horder, if he would see Wingate's medical record and agree to do so.

Kounine believes it is almost certain that Lord Horder's personal intervention saved the day.

## 'NOT ONLY ME...

THE first thing that Wingate said to him when he met him was: "You know, Lord Horder, I am not the only great soldier who has tried to commit suicide."

It is a sign of Horder's own stature that he did not immediately put down Wingate in his mind as a megalomaniac and wash his hands of him. Instead, he talked (and listened) to him with attention and sympathy. Subsequently he consulted with Dr Kounine and together the two of them decided on a course of action.

On December 29, 1941, Horder sent a report on Orde Wingate to the Director of Medical Services at the War Office. That report is, of course, confidential, but it did contain Lord Horder's assurance of Wingate's mental fitness.

Wingate was not court-martialled for self-inflicted wounds. He was not dismissed from the Service as a medical case. He was allowed to carry on as a serving officer.

"Good. I am glad to hear it," said Horder to Kounine. And later, when Wingate won fame as a general in Burma, he



LORD HORDER  
He sympathised, acted.

said again to Kounine: "He owes his success to a large measure to your help and initiative and to our mutual perspicacity."

His determination to share the credit with Kounine was the typical gesture of a very great man.

So Orde Wingate emerged from the worst moments of his life, still alive, still in the Army, still a major.

He spent some time with his wife, and slowly his mental condition changed from gnawing misery (or its alternative, panic hysteria) to optimism. God was suddenly on his side again. He was full of hope and optimism, and began busily contacting his friends in politics and the War Office to get him a new job.

New jobs of the kind he visualised in the rank for which he was obviously fitted, were not so easy to come by in the circumstances. And then, once more, General Wavell—a soldier he did not really admire—came to his rescue.

Wavell had the problem of Burma about to fall into Japanese hands, on his mind and conscience. It occurred to him that a man like Wingate might arrest the flow of the yellow tide towards India by guerrilla methods, and he asked London for him. Almost simultaneously, a political "message" (routed not through Military channels) asked Wavell whether he could find Wingate a job.

## A THREAT

ON February 28, 1942, a note was slipped under my door: "Am en route to a new job. Would like to talk to you before I proceed."

Downstairs was Wingate. He had been urgently flown to Cairo en route for India and the Far East and he had not changed a bit. Almost as soon as he saw me he said: "They still hate me here in the Middle East, you know. Do you know what they have done now? I was flown from London to Priorities One, because Wavell needs me badly; but Cairo controls the priorities from here on; and they have deliberately dropped me to Priorities Three. When I complain they just leer at me."

It was true that some members of G.H.Q., Middle East, were having a schoolboy revenge for past insults from Wingate by lack of co-operation, and, in one or two cases, open derision and contempt. But was the delay in his forward flight due to anything but the exigencies of wartime transport? I could not find out. But certainly, after a non-stop flight from London to Cairo, he had to wait over a fortnight to make the next stage of the journey; and was told by a "hating" but the exigencies of the Old Man. We'll just stop your telegram.

Wingate by this time was a pale, meek man who looked and sounded as if he had never insured in general in his life. His neck was scarred from his suicide attempt, and he was thin and subdued.

## PROMOTION

ONLY once did we talk about his suicide attempt. We had both, by coincidence, been reading Huxley's recently published "Grey Eminence," the biography of Father Joseph, the mystic who sat at the right hand of Cardinal Richelieu. Father Joseph was much concerned with death, and used to walk the roads of France saying to himself: "Die, die, die," hoping to drop dead as an act of contrition.

"It is the negation of my own philosophy," Wingate said. "I believe in the Semitic attitude and I say to God: 'Let me live, live, live.' And it is only when Satan tempts me that I wish to die."

I mildly told him that, as a man who prided himself as a master of all sciences and crafts, he had learned the art of suicide badly. "I know," he said. "No one told me that when you put a knife to your throat and begin to cut, the muscles tense up."

There was a note in my box from him after he had flown away. "Goodbye. Don't worry. I shall be a general yet—Major Orde C. Wingate."

Six weeks later Wavell had made him a brigadier.

(WORLD COPYRIGHT)

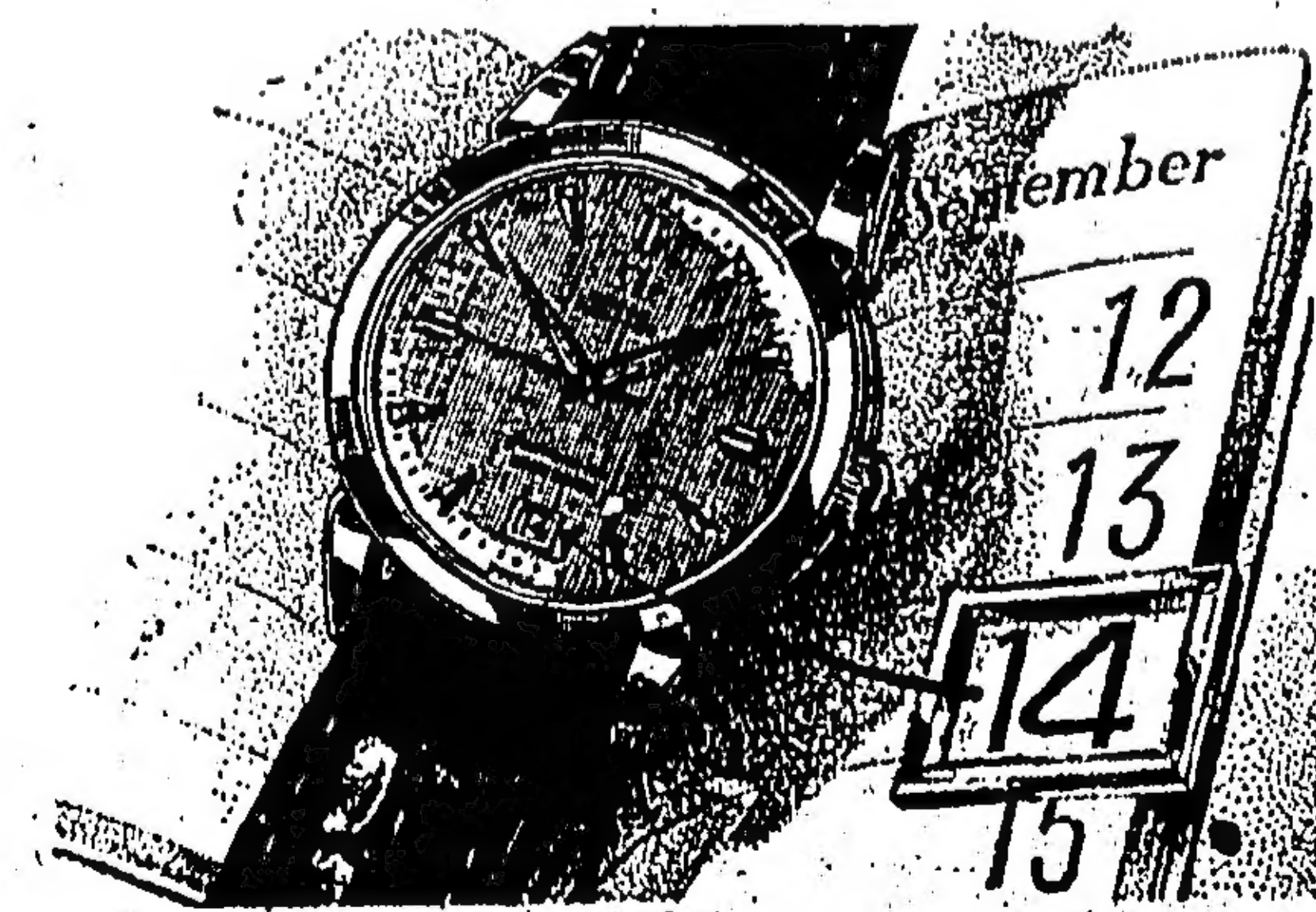
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## Who else besides the cunning Cupid knows HOW LONG DOES IT TAKE TO FALL IN LOVE?

By MARY HAMPSON

IT'S remarkable—the speed at which the Go Slow brigade moves into action at the mention of a lightning romance.

They were quick off the mark when Orlando Sirola, the Italian tennis star, married Corise Phillips, the 21-year-old London girl he met three weeks before.

"They must be mad," they said. "What can they know of each other in so short a time?" What does love ever know—or need to know? I once heard somebody say to an infatuated young woman who was cataloguing the charms of the man in her life: "When you know why you love him—you don't." Which could be boredom lashing out, but could be true!

It's a long time since the poet sang: "I did but see her passing by, yet will I love her till I die."

Nonsense, you say? I wouldn't say it too loudly when Ursula Bloom's around... Miss Bloom has been dispensing fictional romance for hundreds, and thousands of words. She's been living a real-life romance for 30 years.

"I meant to marry the man who became my husband the first time we met. I did marry him the twelfth time I saw him."

"He was an officer on board the Royal Oak, and when we were introduced I thought: 'Oh, my gosh, that's for me.' He looked so nice, you see. My husband is a very handsome man. It cost me thousands to marry him—£208,000 to be exact. I was a widow, and the money was dependent upon my remaining one."

After thirty years, she still thinks it was a fair exchange.

And what about Commander Robinson, the man she married? He remembers the first time he saw his wife because he fell for her with a splash!

"She didn't know it, but the first time I saw her was on the end of Margaret pier. I saw this beautiful thing and stepped back to have another look, and fell right into the sea. It could have been awkward you know, there was a bit of a swell on at the time."

Some women are most endearingly honest. I find. They don't mind admitting that if they don't do the chasing, they walk a little faster!

Jill Manners, singing star of stage and television, married her agent. "I'm not telling you how long ago. But I was 17, I remember the first time I

saw him. He was sitting behind an enormous desk, looking official. He had lovely wavy hair, and I thought: 'I'd love to go behind that desk and ruffle that hair.' I don't think he was very interested in me. But he promised he'd take me out when I'd made my first broadcast. He didn't know what an incentive it was! Soon after I broadcast we went out to dinner. A fortnight after that we were engaged, and six months later we were married."

Francis Lederer told his wife eight hours after he met her: "You know, I'm going to marry you one day." They were married six months later, and the wedding was fifteen years young last month.

Geoff Duke is a speed merchant on and off his motor bike. He proposed to pretty Pat Reid the week after he met her, and after that. He must have held the record for lightning romance before Sirola won it!

## MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN





# WELL, NOT THAT I KNOW OF

by Robert MacDermot

● Robert MacDermot weaves a story round an incident that could have happened when he was a boy; but he might have made it up. What do you think—

## Did it happen?

I WAS 11 years old when I saw my first dead man, and he had died by violence. He was lying at the foot of my favourite copper beech, and his blue eyes, fringed by dark lashes, were gazing straight up through the branches. His hat lay beside his head and, though it was an unusually fine Irish summer's day, he was wearing the heavy belted mackintosh that was almost uniform for young men of his type.

I made up my mind to speak to him severely; although rather a shy child, I was furious at this invasion of my private sanctuary. He had certainly no right to be in my grandfather's wood—and so near the Rectory, too.

### Round hole

But then I noticed the little round hole in his forehead and the fact that his left foot was twisted under him in a way that must have been very painful to a living person. I put down my fishing-rod and net. I had been on my way to our little river to try for a few trout—and squatted beside him as I debated what to do next.

This was the time of "The Troubles" in Ireland, and there was no lack of dead young men lying in lonely places.

Even at my age I knew quite a lot of stories; indeed, living where and when we did, I could hardly have avoided them. Up till then I had thought the whole thing thrilling and romantic, as any normal boy would, but now, with the stark climax of one of the stories beside me, I was not so sure.

My grandfather's parish lay in a particularly troubled part of the country in County Derry (no Irishman ever calls it "London-derry" except in official documents) close to what later became the border of the Irish Free State. This meant that the people were a nearly equal mixture of loyalist Protestants and Nationalist Catholics, and there had been several gunfights between rival factions in our little village of Errigal.

The police barracks was permanently barricaded and defended and no sensible person went out after dark unless he had to. But my grandfather, who came of an old Southern Protestant family, was free of the fanaticism of the more extreme Ulster Orangemen and got on well with all the villagers of whatever religious convictions.

### An incident

On one occasion, this reputation of his saved us from what might well have been an ugly incident. There was a tremendous banging on the front door one night about eleven o'clock, and a voice shouting: "Open up! Open up!"

I scuttled out of bed and on to the dark landing overlooking the hall. Peering over the banisters, I saw my grandfather come out of his study, carrying a lamp, and cross to the front door. When he opened it—and it was never locked, incidentally—a man pushed past him who was wearing the inevitable mackintosh and soft hat with

And two very worrying thoughts came with him. One was the realisation that sooner or later I should have to report finding him.

Anyway, the sanctuary was only 50 yards from the Rectory, and my spaniel bitch Dinah, now heavily occupied with puppies, was bound to find him one day and announce the fact to everyone. Nor was there the slightest chance of my being able to drag him away anywhere else. The fact that I hadn't reported the body right away didn't matter, for no one was to know which way I had gone down to the river, but it was clear to me now that report it I must.

The other thought was a subtler worry and not to be spoken of to anyone. It was simply this: I wasn't at all certain that I hadn't shot the man myself.

How that doubt could arise even for a moment needs a certain amount of background explanation.

My grandfather, chief of my grandfather's children, my mother was the youngest, with two younger brothers in between—had never married but had stayed at home to look after her father and to organise the parish in a benevolently despotic way. But even at her then age of nearly 40 she was far from unattractive to men, and I got a lot of consciously cynical amusement from watching her progress with them.

### An admirer

Her current admirer was a picturesque character who had been a regular soldier and who was now in the secret service or something equally hush-hush. At any rate, he had a fund of half-crazy stories about being shot at from ambush when cashing around the country in his enormous car. It was a "Lapmaster," I remember, a mick I've never seen a head of since, and in several occasions he'd let me drive it. Or steer it, anyway.

The three of us—my aunt, himself, and I—would sit in the vast front seat while I grasped the steering-wheel and kept my foot well down on the accelerator. He manipulated the clutch and gear-lever and, more often, the hand-brake. How we avoided a succession of ghastly accidents I don't know to this day, but the police, all old friends of mine, used to wave cheerfully as I tore past, cornering like a demon.

Uncle Noel, as he asked me to call him though he was no relation, once came down to my preparatory school, further south, with a bunch of his disreputable ex-Army pals. He gave me a pound note, a box of chocolates, and ten little headmaster to the local pub whence he (the head, I mean) returned paralytic two hours later.

### Craziness

I've had to spend a moment on Uncle Noel's character in order to explain the general craziness which could lead to my supposing for one second that I had killed a man. The point was that we'd been out driving the day before and, on returning safely to the Rectory, my aunt and Uncle Noel had gone into the drawing-room while I was left to put the hood up. When I'd done so, I noticed something sticking out of the pocket in the offside door. It was a large Service automatic. Sitting in the driving seat, I aimed it out of the window and made a clicking noise with my tongue as I lightly squeezed the trigger.

The dreadful bang which followed nearly made my heart stop beating. Quivering with fright, I stuffed the thing back into the pocket and leapt out of the car.

Everyone was furious, of course; my grandfather and Uncle Noel lived with me, and my aunt with me and with Uncle Noel for leaving such a dangerous thing about where stupid and inquisitive little boys could find it. But I hadn't done any harm, I assured them passionately; I knew enough about firearms to have shot straight up into the air.

I was lying, though; I had aimed deliberately through the bushes at the bole of my copper beech.

So there we were. For all I know, and for all the police subsequently discovered, the man might have been standing there the previous afternoon when I'd done my Wild West act.

When I got back from fishing, I told my grandfather, quite casually, of having just dis-



Drawing by Showell

A man in the inevitable mackintosh pushed past... he spoke abruptly.

covered the body. After looking for himself, with apologies for entering the sanctuary, he took me down in the trap to the RIC barracks a mile away and we were back with Sergeant Magee and a couple of armed constables within half an hour.

The Sergeant was very kind in trying to shield me from the uglier details and made his usual jokes about wanting to see my driving-licence: I smiled politely, but thought contemptuously how stupid grown-ups were in not realising the amount that boys of nearly 12 knew about life, and what vital secrets they could keep.

The police never found out who the man was or how he

came there, and the only thing they knew for certain was that he'd been killed by a Service automatic, of which there were literally hundreds loose in the country. And if my family ever had any uncomfortable thoughts about the shot the day before, they certainly never mentioned them.

I hardly gave the business another thought until a few days ago, more than 30 years later, when my 14-year-old son suddenly said, "Daddy, have you ever shot a man?"

He is only half Irish, was born and brought up in London, and has never been to Ireland except on holiday. I didn't think he'd understand the whole

set-up, so I merely answered: "Not that I know of."

But perhaps I was just being stupidly grown-up and forgetting what boys know about the facts of life, and what secrets they can keep.

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### DID IT REALLY HAPPEN?

YES NO

Put your tick in the space above and keep this page by you until Monday when the answer will be given—with another story in this issue by...

Kan Fielding

Did yesterday's story—Ring for Her Fingers, by Louis Golding—actually happen. The answer is YES.

## Dollar-a-year men are suspect

From JAMES COOPER

New York. NOW the investigating spotlight turns on the big-business men who help to run the Administration.

It is an American tradition that such men with the know-how should go to Washington to help the Government at a reward of only a dollar a year.

They are known as W.O.C.'s (without compensation), and their job is to advise on policies and contracts—for the good of the country.

But now the question is being asked: Are they all really working for the good of the country or do they influence contracts towards the firms they represent? So many suspicions have been aroused that the Justice Department has started an inquiry.

At last the Americans are doing something about the bane of my life over here—the soggy teabag they swish about in warm water, purporting to brew tea.

A new teapot has a clip in the lid to hold the bag. That means you do not have to fish it out when the tea is brewed.

NELL ROUSH resigns her Salvation Army commission because she has fallen in love with a ranker.

The Army rules that officers must marry officers, whereas in New York next week Lieutenant Nell, aged 30, marries Bandman Russell Sinnock, a 33-year-old Englishman from Wembley.

MY WORD, the Russians have mellowed.

Latest evidence of it, in a small way, comes from their 12 farm experts now touring the U.S.

In Iowa a U.S. official mentioned he had seen in Russia some collective farms which were "not so good."

Came the surprising reply from the Russians' leader, Vladimir Matskevich, First Deputy Minister of Agriculture: "You don't have to say 'Not so good.' Some of our collective farms are lousy."

BRYANT BOWLES resigns as president of the National Association for the Advancement of White People.

He says: "I am resigning because of lack of interest. I don't feel like helping people who won't help themselves."

By eliminating 40 of the 4,700 forms, questionnaires and reports which the U.S. Government requires from business firms, the commission of ex-President Hoover reports it has saved the Government \$5,000,000 in a year and has saved business twice that amount.

THOSE, charcoal-grey suits, for three years the mark of the junior executive, are disappearing. Tailors report men are returning to the old medium grey but with a difference.

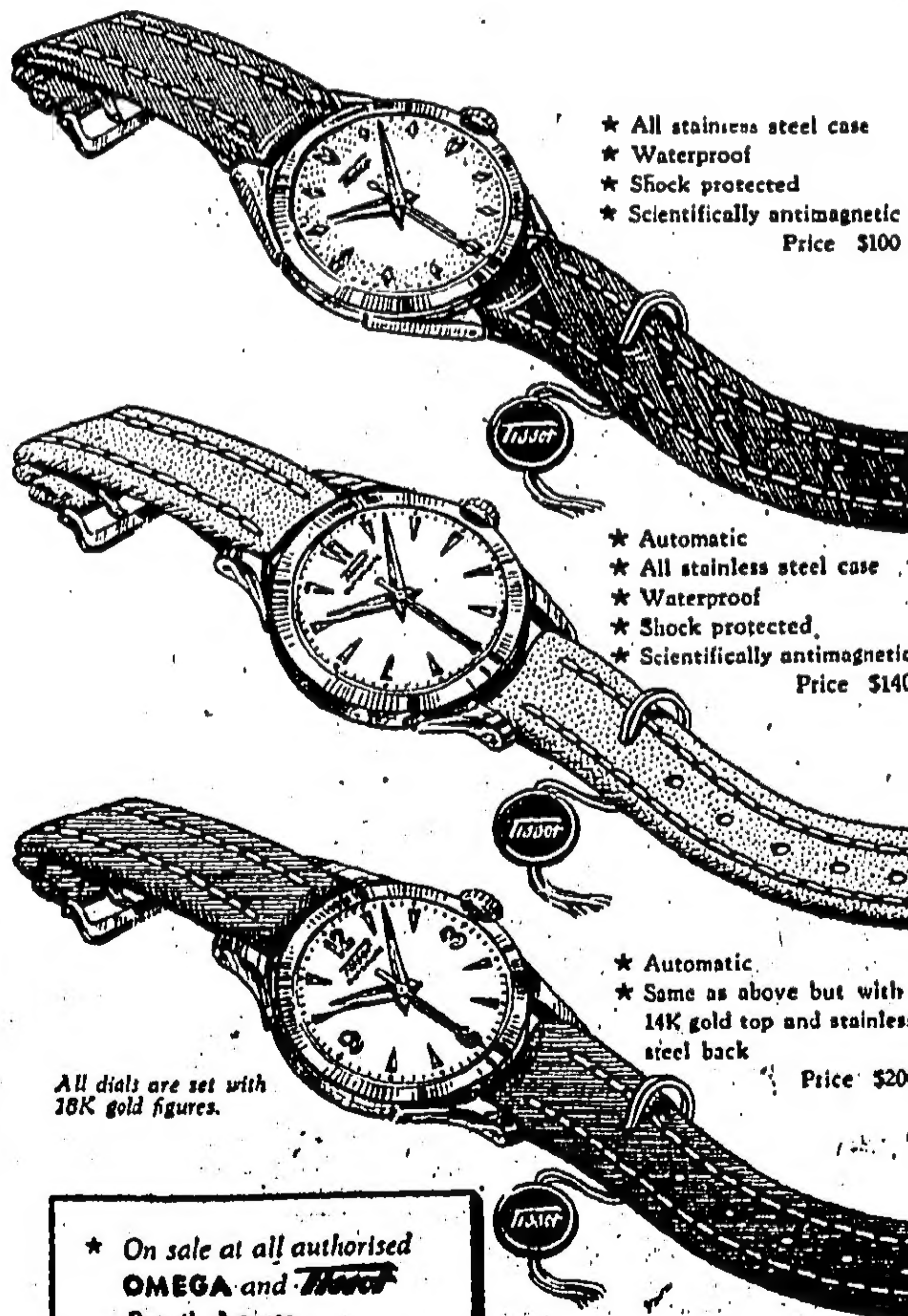
The difference is that a mixture of dacton and wool is now twice as popular as any other fabric. That is because dacton keeps the crease in the trousers much longer.

CURFEW on cats, twilight-to-dawn, has been imposed at Westbury, Long Island.

Cat-catcher Donald Boosbaum will collect \$20 from the owner of any cat caught yawning at night.

To combat teenage crime, 20,000 New York grocers are finding 30,000 jobs for school-boys during the summer holidays.

## You can afford to be proud of a Tissot...



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# A FACE SHINES THROUGH THE IRON CURTAIN

London. FOR half an hour the sound of thunder down river had been warning us of the coming storm. Would it rain before we got inside?

A gutted bishop in front of me hailed a vicar heartily enough. "And how is St. Philip's these days?" And the vicar replied, with just the right touch of easy deference. "Nicely, my Lord, especially the hebble in our choir stalls."

But each looked on the darkening sky and would gladly have sent St. Philip's and its beetles to perdition if only the queue would move a little faster.

Moving slowly through the courtyard to the library of the Archbishop, we tried to remember that we were pillars of Church and State on our way to meet the delegation of Russian Christians.

But all we could think of was that we had no coats or umbrellas. Then the storm broke.

One thing at least prevented the early queue of bishops, deans, vicars and members of the delegation from becoming a rabble.

Just as the rain began and lightning flashed across the sky, a car swayed into the courtyard and halted on the steps of the library.

There was a golden cross hanging from a long gold chain and a general air of the mysterious East.

Clearly this was a stranger from the Russian delegation.

At once, curates who had been ready to elbow bishops from their path, and MPs who had been ready to trample ladies underfoot, made way for him; and, as he neared shelter, a colleague of mine, who fancied him as a linguist, said in a few cautious words to him in Russian.

The ecclesiastic swept forward. Outside the library the rain poured down. "Our visitors," said the Archbishop of Canterbury, "are due to go on the river this evening. Instead the river has come to them."

*There were things I have seen before and will see again, a thousand times. But in this Russian visitor I saw something new...*

by J. P. W. Mallalieu, M.P.

Thunder rolled around the blacked sky. "Every one," said the head of the Russian Baptist Church, "is applauding this meeting of Christians."

But inside, after the tinkle of a thousand tea-cups had diminished, there was peace. The Archbishop made a pleasant speech, pausing at each sentence for the Russian woman interpreter to translate.

The Russian visitors, with their robes and long beards, some black, some grey, some white, stood beside him, facing us.

★

And when the Archbishop made a joke—"Our visitors have not to inflict any cricket on them"—they all laughed, even before the joke was translated, just because they saw that we were laughing.

Then they gave presents to the Archbishop and Mrs. Fisher and, by and by, the rain stopped and we all went home.

This was in English occasion. There was the rain and our impenetrable manners cracking under the menace of rain and being rechecked by the arrival of a stranger.

There was the clinking of crockery and the slightly forced goodwill. These were things that I have seen before, and will see again, a thousand times.

But there was also something which I have not seen before and may not see again. That was a face under a cap—that is the right word for the ecclesiastic but I mean—and partly covered by a beard which was wholly white. The body below the face and beard was wholly covered by long black robes and the stomach was adorned by a golden cross. But I write of the face.

That face was weather-bent. It had seen many days in the sun and, maybe, many nights in the cold. It was lined, both with age and with fully-lived experience, and when the face smiled, there was another line for the eyes disappeared, not for deception or protection, but because they were no longer needed. This smile was not of external show, but of inner peace. And that peace spread over all of us.

I know that the Metropolitan of Minsk and Byelorussia had a beard and a cap and robes which obviously to an English audience helped to give him the air of the East on which film producers play.

But this face of his was not dependent on a surrounding atmosphere. It was the face of a man who has been through it all, come to the other side and can still believe. It was the face of hope, shining through the Iron Curtain and through the clouds that lowered over Lambeth Palace.

I shall remember that face.

★

But I'll remember, too, the face of my Russian-speaking colleague as we left. On the doorstep we met once again the dark-headed ecclesiastic whose arrival had reminded us of our manners.

He looked at the pair of us and said, "I say, if really was a friendly nice of you fellows to let me in out of the rain."

It transpired that he was the representative of some "White" Russian sect, had lived in London these 35 years and should, therefore, have taken his chance and his turn in the rain.

The blasphemy we both then used did not let us forget either the peace we had felt at the sight of the Metropolitan's face or that, after all, this was an English occasion.

★

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The Metropolitan of Minsk and Byelorussia.

a trip to an Indian railroad

junction located—for the time being—in Surrey

"Bhowani Junction," Nr. Hindhead.

THE lips said to be "like morning dew on poppies" closed over a stick of chewing gum. Ava Gardner, the Aphrodite of the atom-age, the bullfighters' moment of truth, chewed steadily as she listened to the voice coming over the loudspeaker.

"Casualties and corpses," it said, "when you break for lunch do NOT take off your wounds, blood or bandages. Or you'll only have to put them back on again."

A "mangled corpse" propped himself up on one elbow and said: "Lunch? Did I hear someone say lunch?"

Panic first

A mortally injured stretcher case roared: "Wait for it. We're doing the panic first."

Miss Gardner said: "Have some gum."

I said: "No, thank you."

Over on our right at the bottom of an embankment five railway coaches were kaleidoscoped together in a most realistic reconstruction of a train crash.

"Took the art department two weeks to do," said an assistant director. It's a marvellous wreck, isn't it?

Up on the embankment another train—the Ava Gardner Special—one of the few that are still running these days, moved "into shot."

Two hundred extras, representing the victims of the train crash, lay on the ground.

"This is nothing," said the publicity man, "we had thousands of extras for the riot scenes we did in Pakistan."

They were scenes for the film "Bhowani Junction".

A woman with a silver sprayer came over to Miss Gardner. Began to spray.

"End de Cologne?" I asked.

"No."

"Chanel No. 5?"

"Swat," said Miss Gardner. "Glycerine. Only stuff that shows up like sweat on the screen. Terrible stuff."

"A little more blood on Miss Gardner, please," called an assistant director.

"Oh, dear," said Miss Gardner.

Dirty face

A man with a bottle of "blood," correctly pigmented for Eastmancolor, came over and reverently splashed some over Miss Gardner's already mud-stained white ear.

I said I was not in the film and did not require splashing with blood, correctly pigmented for Eastmancolor.

A loose strand of hair fell over Miss Gardner's face. A very dirty face.

I said: "You look terrible." Everybody seemed enormously pleased.



Whisper in my ear,  
(said Granger to Miss Gardner)

how much do you get?

by

THOMAS WISEMAN

I can tell you she is a very nice, respectable girl. Perhaps rather inhibited. Perhaps a bit old-fashioned. But she believes that love is for the marital state.

"And the bullfighters?" I said.

"Believe it or not, but they really were just good friends." "In that case," I said, "I don't know what bullfighters are coming to."

A housewife

Miss Gardner said: "I want to get married again more than anything. I know that sounds odd coming from a girl with my record, having made a mess of it three times already, but I do. Then I would give up films, become a housewife and have children."

For the record, Miss Gardner is still married to Frank Sinatra.

"What sort of man do you want to marry?" I asked helpfully, thinking I might be able to recommend somebody.

"I'm not going to talk to you about that," said Miss Gardner, "not as a newspaperman, anyway."

So I am afraid I cannot tell you anything about Miss Gardner's ideal man.

But I can tell you that Miss Gardner is not going short of suitors.

Even in her blood-spattered earl, even with her face covered in dirt, she is extraordinarily beautiful. Even, I am surprised to say, when she is chewing gum.

The publicity man said: "I've known her for three years and

Geneva, husband were staying during the Big Four conference.

It was quiet and peaceful there after the hubbub in Geneva. Madame Faure, a slim, beautifully-dressed woman, her long fair hair styled in a chignon, told me that Lady Eden, Mrs. Eisenhower and she spent a long time comparing the differences in their lives.

"Lady Eden," said Madame Faure, "whom I find extremely 'sympathique,' told me that when she and her husband are alone together they talk politics a lot. She says that she follows every detail of his political life and gives him her personal views on whatever he is working on."

Non-committal

"I asked her if he ever took her advice but she was non-committal and said she didn't always know whether he did or not. She asked me how long I thought my husband would continue to be Prime Minister." Madame Faure laughed. "I told her we believed it would be quite a while."

"It is of course easier for me to talk with Lady Eden because she speaks French fluently. Mrs. Eisenhower, who is a friendly, spontaneous woman, does not speak a word of the language, so we have to talk in English—and I'm afraid I don't speak it as well as I should."

"I asked her how she was spending her time in Geneva and she laughed and said she spent a good deal of the day knitting. I gathered that she did not expect to go out much."

Likes to relax

"Do I talk over the political situation with my husband? Well, not often, because when he comes home he likes to relax. But you know I'm a journalist myself. I have edited a political review for the past ten years. So I have my own ideas."

"When I met Marshal Bulganin the other evening at dinner, he couldn't have been more friendly. I have met Soviet diplomats many times before and I have never known them to be so relaxed."

"M. Bulganin and I talked a lot about Russia which I have already visited, and M. Bulganin said why didn't I come again, any time I liked, and he would be delighted to receive me. I said I was afraid that the commitments of my husband and myself wouldn't allow us to go right away and I supposed that he wouldn't be able to come to Paris. I don't see why not," said M. Bulganin. "If I'm invited I shall certainly come."

"M. Krushchev I found more reserved. He is harder to talk to and not quite so relaxed as M. Bulganin."

Cool yellow

Madame Faure, who was dressed in a cool yellow frock, made by the Paris fashion house of Jacques Fath, told me she had brought only simple summer dresses with her. Did she and the other wives talk about clothes? "Yes a little," replied Madame Faure. "I think Lady Eden is a very pretty woman. Photographs don't do her justice."

"Like myself she has friends who live in and around Geneva and have been visiting them. I have been driving myself about in my own small car. I can't be bothered with official escorts."

The contrast between the Faures' villa and the houses of the other delegations was great. Whereas the other villas bristled with guards and police with Tommy guns, there were only two collectors at the entrance to "Prayerizer." I gave my name and drove up simply to the front door where I was received by a smiling French butler. Not a gun in sight. Quite a change from the Eisenhower villa which one wasn't allowed to look at even from a boat on the Lake.

By Frank Robbins

JOHNNY HAZARD





## WEEK-END WOMANSENSE

ANNE SCOTT-JAMES presents GIVENCHY in holiday designs for YOU

## Pack a bit of Paris in your bag...

IT'S ALWAYS A GIMMICK THAT CATCHES THE EYE

THE big fashion event of every woman's year is her summer holiday. It is for those two or three weeks away that we shop and save, diet and tan, try things on and cut things out and run things up.

How do you time your permanent wave? To be right for your summer holiday. When do you wear your oldest clothes? The week before your summer holiday.

So I flew to Paris to talk to one of the world's master designers of the holiday clothes—Hubert de Givenchy.

I WENT to see what's new in colours, fabrics, shapes.

I WENT to persuade him to design some accessories specially for you.

FOUR BRAND-NEW PARIS ACCESSORIES ARE ON THIS PAGE TODAY. ALL WERE PLANNED BY GIVENCHY TO BE MADE OR ADAPTED FOR YOUR SUMMER HOLIDAY BY YOU.

"What sort of fabrics and colours are you using for holiday clothes?" I asked Givenchy first. Because fabric is always the key to fashion.

HE TOLD ME he is using masses of pastels, especially white, pale rose, pink, pale turquoise. He is using mostly plain fabrics—only a few small, delicate prints.

IDEA FOR YOU: Make your last-minute dress a plain one. Don't wear the ten millionth floral on the beach.

HE TOLD ME about his newest idea in belts—it was still in the half-designed, buckram stage. A wide belt with a huge buckle is shaped to wear below the waist, giving a long-body look to a normal-waisted dress.

IDEA FOR YOU: Make one yourself in a stiff, shiny fabric. The diagram shows the cut.

HE TOLD ME that he loves travelling as a fabric for accessories.

IDEA FOR YOU: Line the brim of any big beach or garden hat in white towelling. Cover your beach bag to match.

HE SHOWED ME his holiday jewellery, and the prettiest was a spiky coral mixed with white beads, coral (surprisingly) with fake diamonds or amethysts.

IDEA FOR YOU: A new way to mix your beads.

HE TOLD ME that his favourite holiday accessory is a cardigan—in fabric, not knitting. He likes shantung, with knitted edges and welt.

IDEA FOR YOU: Cut one from any cardigan pattern in cotton, silk, or shantung.

HE SHOWED ME all manner of fantasies, especially enormous hats with big crowns—couchmen's hats, planters' hats, gardeners' hats.

And square-lensed sun-glasses with frames of bamboo or printed suede.

And square parasols, exotic fans, closed-in moccasins shoes.

AND I TOLD HIM about the biggest problem of a holiday in a seaside resort—keeping tidy in the wind. Whether it's an open car or a so-called sheltered beach, there's always a gale.

IDEA FOR YOU: A hood-cum-gilet, light as air in pink shantung.

They all add up, these accessories to a lot of gaiety for a little trouble, a lot of imagination behind something that's quite simple to wear.

That's French dressing.



PICTURES BY DAVID OLIN

● PACK A BIT OF PARIS in the shape of towel cloth. Take a beach or garden hat (the deep-crowned kind is newest) and line the brim with white towelling.



● PACK A CARDIGAN of filmy fabric. Make it of pink shantung, and knit the edges in a fine one-and-one rib.



● PACK A HOOD with scarf ends to belt or fling round your neck. There's a cutting diagram below.



● PACK A WIDE BELT to drop scarf ends to belt or fling round your waistline. Make it of satin, lined, padded and stitched, with a big buckle (diagram below).



SCALE: 1 SQUARE=4 INCHES

## Crisp Look For Summer

By HELEN FOLLETT

NOW is the time to look crisp as a lettuce leaf, fresh as a daisy. The big question is: "How can I be my prettiest in this warm weather?"

Baths are important. In warm weather, they are necessary above all things. It has also cosmetic value and helps to keep complexion free of blemishes. There's nothing like daintiness to make a girl look immaculately lovely.

A shower is refreshing after hours outdoors. A rinsing scrubbing is essential to remove all traces of perspiration.

Don't friction too heavily with the bath towel; it may cause you to perspire. Just blot yourself dry. And don't forget to use a good deodorant.

The complexion requires cream to keep it soft, but a fragrant, stringent will cause redness, glands to clog up their activities. If skin is oily, one of these toxic lotions can be used before powdering. They help to give the skin a fresh appearance.

To look cool, it is an excellent idea to wear hair brushed away from the face. A few wide waves, soft curls, a sleek, sculptured hairline—combine to impart smartness and distinction.

As for perfumes, heavy scents are for the winter season. Select a light, floriated aroma and be shiny with it.

## Romance Grows If Light Glows

GIRLS, turn the lights on — not off — if you are seeking romance.

So advises the American Home Lighting Institute, which says that good lighting can do more to improve a woman's looks than the most expensive of cosmetics.

The Institute suggests that women use the same lighting techniques long known to photographers, artists and stage technicians.

"Proper lighting—arrests sources of light in the room, facial lines and shadows, puts highlights in your

hair, and makes the complexion seem softer and younger looking," said the Institute.

The trick: use balanced, diffused lighting, with care, fully chosen downlight for dramatic effect. But avoid at all costs a strong direct light coming from one side of the face.

"Don't make the mistake of sitting next to a small lamp which is the only source of light in the room," the Institute advised.

"Coming from one direction,

this type of lighting creates shadows, emphasises lines, makes the skin look rough and aged."

Indirect light, cast on ceiling and walls which then reflect it back into the room, is most desirable, the experts said.

As important as the source and kind of light is its colour. The warm, white fluorescent lights are most complimentary to skin tones, as well as to dress and accessory colours, the Institute said.

If you want to be more daring, you can even buy a magenta hue.

## The Begum Reveals THE SECRET OF REAL ELEGANCE

YVETTE Labrousse, who started out as "Miss France" and wound up as the Begum Aga Khan, is now a faithful Moslem.

The lovely woman who is married to one of the world's wealthiest men was brought up in moderately humble circumstances, the daughter of a good bourgeois family in Lyon.

Her first claim to fame was in 1930 when she was elected "Miss France", queen of the bathing beauties.

It was not until 14 years later that she met and married the fabulous Aga Khan, spiritual leader of millions of Muslim Moslems.

For love of her husband—30 years her senior—Yvette Labrousse adopted the Moslem religion in 1944 and was rechristened "Ome Habibah," which is the name of Mohammed's last wife and means in Arab "mother of the well-beloved."

Last year the Begum made the difficult and arduous pilgrimage to Mecca which each good Moslem is required to make at least once.

## THE PILGRIMAGE

Dressed in the cotton gown of the pilgrim, and barefoot as the law requires, she carried out each of the required rites for five blistering days during which the temperature never sank below 118 degrees Fahrenheit in the shade.

It was so hot that the Begum was forced to remove her glasses because the hot metal burned the bridge of her nose and the soles of her feet were scorched by the marble walls.

The aging Aga Khan himself has never made the pilgrimage to Mecca and it seems unlikely his health will permit him to make it now in the prescribed summer season.

If the Begum had her way she would spend most of her time in the magnificent villa the Aga Khan has built for her at Cannes, in the hills overlooking the Riviera. It is called "Yakymour," a contraction of "Yak," the Aga's pet name for his fourth wife, and "Amour" the French word for love.

The cream-coloured house with its terraced gardens, its swimming pool and its period furniture and works of art is air conditioned for the summer months.

## PLENTY OF SLEEP

The swimming pool, in the shape of a vase, is filled with sea water brought 1,200 feet above sea level to the house by a special fleet of water wagons and the water is heated in the winter time.

When she is at home the Begum rises at 11:00.

She says the secret of health and of beauty is plenty of sleep. No matter where she is, or what she is doing, she insists on a full quota of rest.

After a light breakfast of tea, buttered toast and marmalade, she walks through the gardens, talks to the gardeners

and occasionally lends a hand herself in trimming the sweet-smelling fruit trees. The garden is planted so that there are flowers in bloom from earliest spring to late autumn.

She lunches with the Aga and usually, in the early afternoon, the Begum takes a drive at the wheel of her black Citroën while her husband rests.

From time to time she visits an old people's home she has founded in Cannes or drops in to see retired artists and other old friends, many of whom are partially or wholly supported by her bounty.

## VARIOUS HOBBIES

She is also an amateur photographer and has recently taken to sculpture and painting. She modelled a bust of the Aga Khan last year which has been much admired by her artist friends but now she has just about given up sculpturing for painting.

"I'm better at modelling," she admits with a laugh, "but I love to use colours."

The Begum would like to stay all year at Cannes, yet she is seldom in one spot more than a month or two.

The first of May, the Khans leave Cannes for London—the Belton derby—then it is to Paris for the horse racing season at Longchamps and Auteuil, a short stay at the fashionable northern bathing resort of Deauville, several weeks in Aix-les-Bains, where the Aga Khan takes the water cure, and the end of the summer is spent in Switzerland.

In September, they return to Yakymour but in November, the Aga Khan and the Begum leave for Egypt to spend the winter. This year they intend to buy a villa at Assuan in Egypt where the dry climate agrees with the aged Aga Khan who has suffered severe respiratory ailments in recent years.

## PICTURE OF CHIC

The Begum Khan is a picture of chic. Of a majestic carriage with lovely dark hair and an oval face, she dresses simply but with unmistakable elegance. Her favourite colours in dress are green, cream and pearl grey and she says simplicity is the key to beauty in dress. She has this advice to offer:

"Be simple. Avoid all that strikes the eye harshly. Wear neutral colours and above all make sure that the cut of whatever you wear is good—that is the secret of real elegance."

In her wardrobe are at least 60 lovely suits which she likes to wear at home at Yakymour.

Her jewels reportedly are valued at more than 1,000,000,000 francs.

The Begum owns a Persian cat "Shirazi" and a parrot named "Mitou" who shouts "Allou" when the telephone rings and "Entrez!" (come in) when someone knocks at the door.

The cat and the parrot have one thing over the Begum—they can spend all their time at Yakymour.—United Press.

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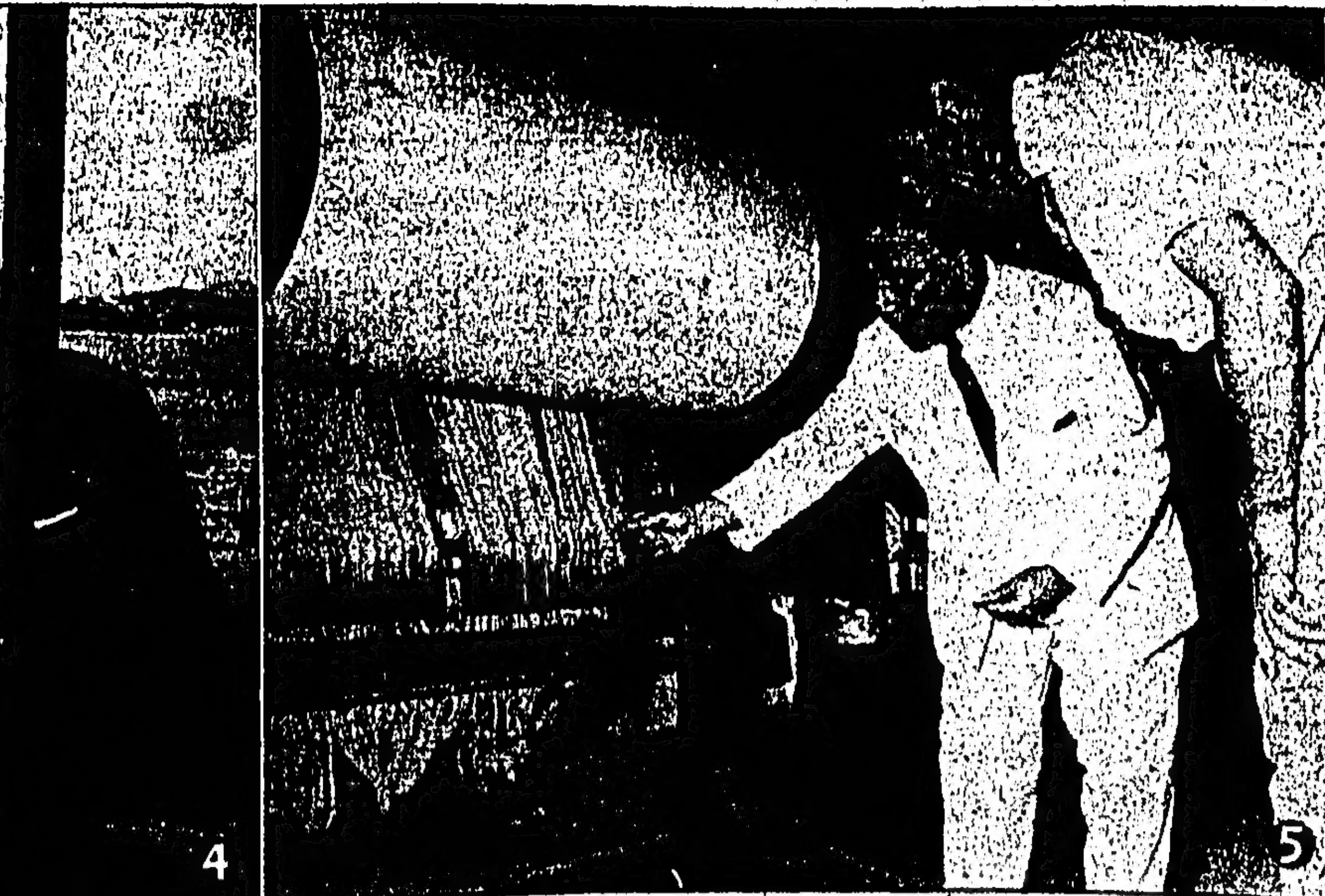
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## SECRETARY OF STATE'S VISIT

THE Rt Hon. Alan Lennox-Boyd, Secretary of State for the Colonies, and Lady Patricia Lennox-Boyd have spent a very busy week here. 1. The Secretary of State and His Excellency the Governor, Sir Alexander Grantham, chatting with Mr H. Ching at the Government House Garden Party. 2. Mr Lennox-Boyd at the dinner given in his honour by Executive and Legislative Council members. 3. Sightseeing from the Peak. 4. Kowloon squatter resettlement plans being explained to the Secretary of State by Mr D. R. Holmes. 5. On his visit to local factories, Mr Lennox-Boyd listens to Mr C. D. Silas at a cotton mill (Staff Photographer).



AT the cocktail party given by Officers of the U.S. aircraft carrier, Philippine Sea, at the Correspondents' Club. Left to right: Captain H. L. Ray, the carrier's commander, Mrs Jackson, Mr S. J. Jackson, Brig. R. H. Bollamy and Mr G. M. Hughes. (Staff Photographer)

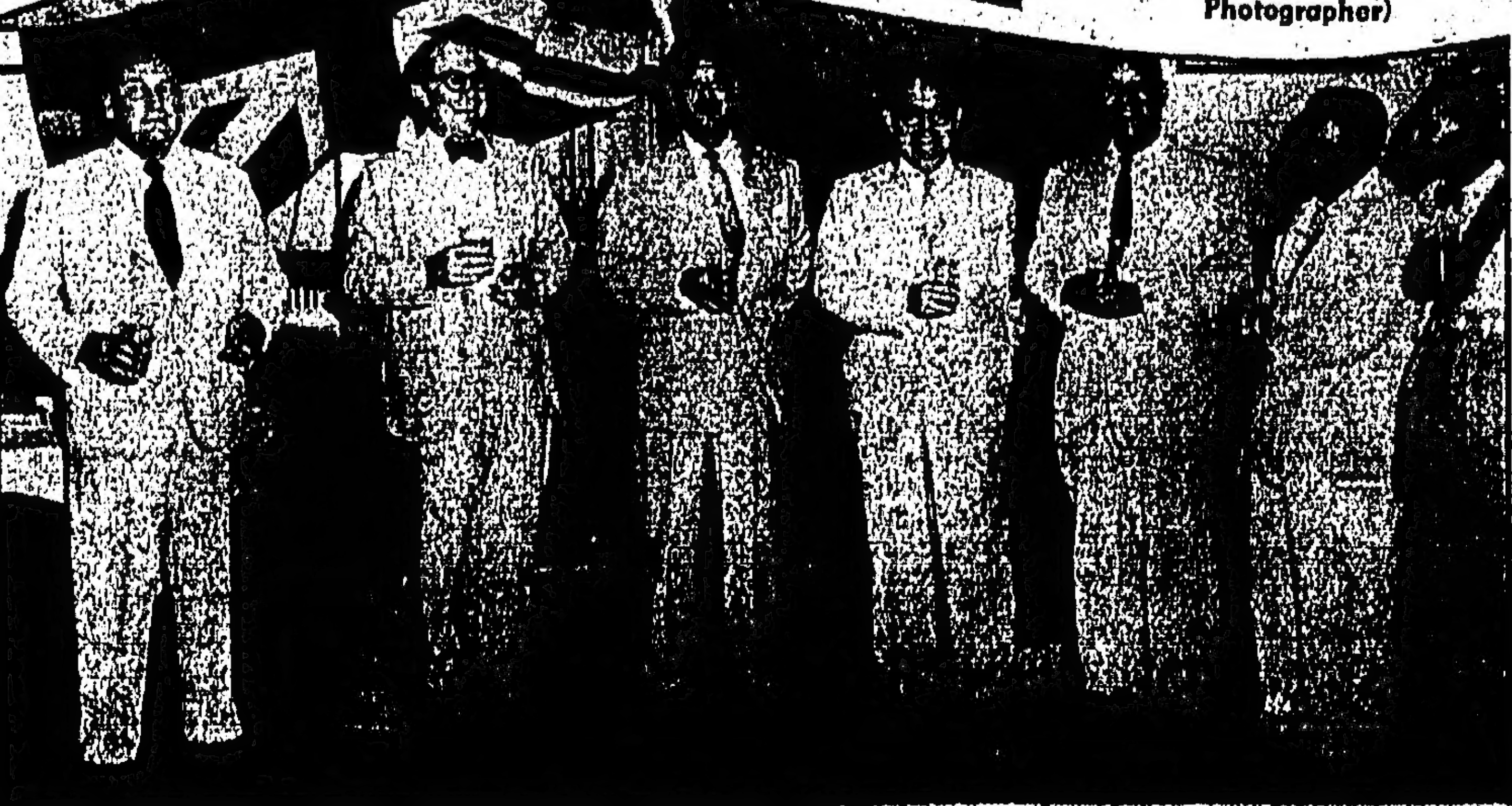
LEFT: The new British Ambassador to the Philippines, Mr G. L. Clutton (extreme left), pictured with Mr P. G. F. Dalton, Political Advisor to the Hongkong Government, on his arrival here early this week. (Staff Photographer)

LEFT: The Hongkong Combined Services chess team playing the Dutch Club at the Peninsula Hotel before sailing to play a series of games in Singapore. In foreground is Captain (Miss) P. A. Sunnucks, of the Services team. (Staff Photographer)



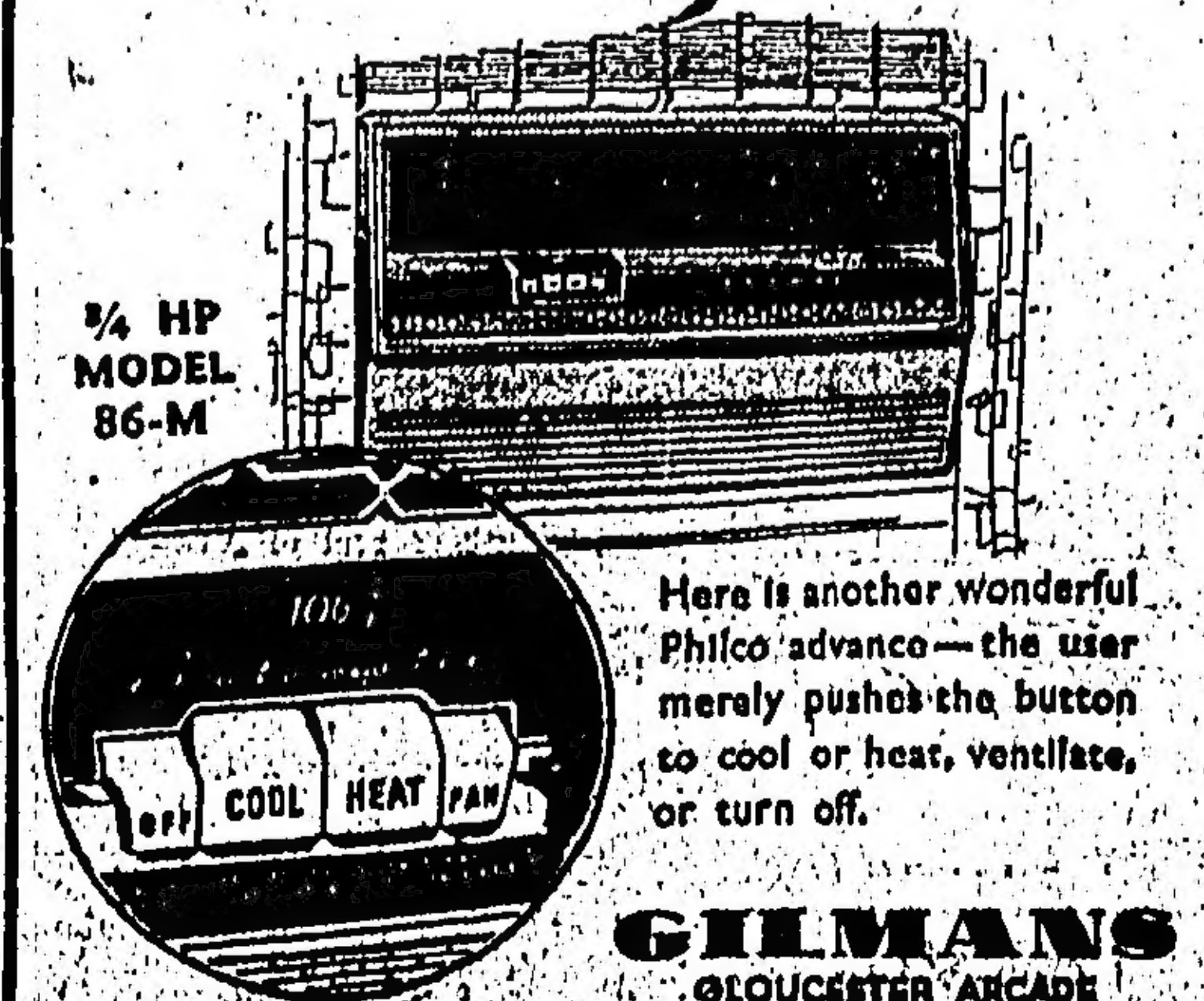
CRAFTSMAN PARTRIDGE, star swimmer of the Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers, who won several prizes at last Saturday's annual swimming sports of the Corps, pictured with his trophies. (Staff Photographer)

BELOW: Sports Club members who were honoured by HM the Queen in the recent Birthday List were fêted by their fellow members on Thursday. From left: Mr J. Jolly, who was awarded the CMG, the Hon. C. E. M. Terry, awarded the OBE, Mr Mak Hing-wing (Chairman of the Club), the Hon. Ngan Shing-kwan, awarded the OBE, Mr E. G. Wei, Mr H. Hong Sling, Mr A. J. Kew and Mr H. J. Tebbutt. (Staff Photographer)



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SIR Robert Ho Tung, who flew to London to receive the accolade of Knight Commander of the British Empire from Her Majesty the Queen, returned to Hongkong last Monday. He is seen greeted at Kai Tak Airport by Mr. C. J. R. Dawson, Honorary ADC to HE the Governor. (Staff Photographer)



MRS S. E. Faber speaking at the St James's Settlement bazaar which she opened last Saturday. Also in picture are Mrs. Forest Rittgers and Bishop Ronald Hall. (Staff Photographer)

LEFT: M. Yan Man-iaung, Hongkong industrialist, crowning Miss Lam Ying-har "Miss Exhibition" after the recent Hongkong Products Fair held in Singapore.



MRS F. I. Tseung, who distributed the prizes at the annual speech day of the Queen's College Old Boys' Association Free School, receiving a bouquet from little Miss Young Ying-yee. (Staff Photographer)



BELOW: Presentation of diplomas at the Evening School of Higher Chinese Studies. Miss Linda Young is receiving her diploma from Prof. Gordon King, Pro-Vice-Chancellor of the Hongkong University. (Staff Photographer)

AT the first dinner dance, held at the Peninsula Hotel last Saturday, of the Federation of Teachers of Services Schools. From left: Mrs. McLeod-Young, Mr. and Mrs. C. D. Pugh, Lt-Col A. McLeod-Young, Mrs. Stanley and Mr. F. J. Stanley. (Staff Photographer)



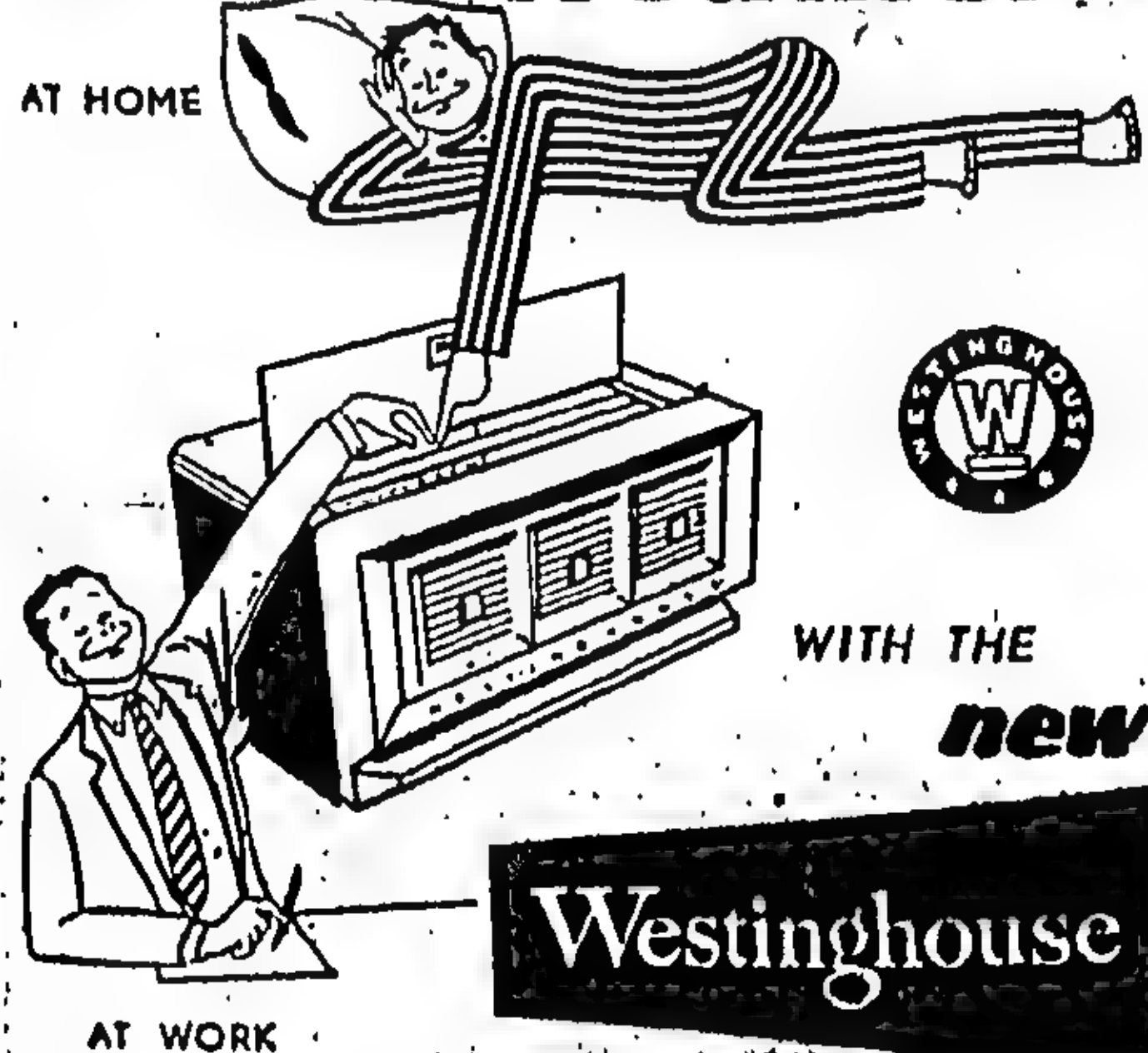
LEFT: At the dinner dance held aboard the mv Victoria by the Hongkong Round Table. Upper picture: The Hon. M. W. Turner, Mrs. A. M. Rodrigues, Mrs. R. P. Moodie and Mr. P. Sellars. Lower: Mrs. P. Sellars, Mr. R. P. Moodie, Mrs. M. W. Turner and Dr the Hon. A. M. Rodrigues. (Staff Photographer)

MR Brook Bernacchi (second from left) entertained to a bon voyage dinner at the Blue Eagle Restaurant last Saturday evening by members of the Reform Club. Mr Bernacchi, who is chairman of the Club, is spending his first leave in England since the war. (Staff Photographer)

RIGHT: Prof. S. I. Hsiung, who became famous for his English adaptation of "Lady Precious Stream," speaking on "East and West—They Sometimes Meet" at the British Council. (Staff Photographer)



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THE 1st Company, Hongkong Rangers, was formed this week. Some of the girls are seen taking their oath before Mrs. A. Heaton, Deputy Girl Guides Commissioner. (Staff Photographer)

We have received a nice range of plain coloured COLLAR ATTACHED SHIRTS from our friends AUSTIN REED'S.

The material is two fold Egyptian cotton.

The colours are

White  
Cream  
Biscuit  
Pale blue  
Light grey  
and  
Light green.

They have one pocket and button cuffs.

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# PRACTICAL HOMECRAFT



Helen Burke shows how to prepare another meal that is different....for the hostess who is different

## We Put the Accent on Economy

...and invite a debutante to a low-budget lunch

London.  
FOR the fifth of our Special Occasion lunches, Eileen Ascroft and I decided that we would give a "budget" meal—that is, one economising not only in cost but also in time, the kind of meal a young housewife, perhaps a bride, or a busy business girl, entertaining for the first time, might like to serve.

As our chief guest we invited Anna Massey, who besides making a very successful appearance in "The Reluctant Debutante" also appears recently in her own party as a debutante in real life.

Our first guest, Anna's "top" sister, as it were, was Peter Thorne, a young architect. Then again, as before, I consulted Raymond Poutage and let him choose the wines which would accompany the food. They were to be as inexpensive as possible and they were at 6s. 6d. a bottle each.

### NO SWEET

I HAD planned to serve a sweet at this time, feeling sure that young people (Anna is 17) really liked sweets.

"You're wrong," Raymond said. "They don't."

I agreed that Anna herself would do for me. To my utter surprise she was not "crazy" about sweets, but much preferred cheese and Port Salut at that. So Port Salut it was.

With it I served one of those fondue-like "Continental" "sticks" of bread and fresh butter, which everyone except Anna enjoyed. She preferred that water biscuits, saying that "bread is too heavy for cheese." Perhaps she's right.

### THE MENU

Claret de Bordeaux  
Liver Pate  
Salad  
St Emilion  
Beef Goulash  
Tarthonya  
Peas  
Cheese  
Coffee

### LIVER PATE

HERE is the recipe. Cover with six slices with cold water and a dessertspoon of vinegar. Leave for half a day. Drain, then pass through the mincing machine three times together with 1/2 lb. pork fat, four fillets of anchovies, a small tart apple, a small onion and half a clove of garlic.

Now add a raw egg and a cold white sauce made with 1 1/2 oz. butter, 1 oz. flour and 1/2 pint milk. Beat well together and season very well with salt and freshly milled pepper. If you have an electric liquidiser, you will, of course, use it.

I work the mixture through the finest sieve of my mouset lemmings. (This is a most useful gadget with three removable sieves.) I also beat a table-



Verdict by Anna Massey: The pate was almost a meal in itself and the tarthonya absolutely wonderful.

spoon of sherry into the pate, but this is not essential.

Turn the mixture into a well-greased or pork-fat-lined terrine (I used a soufflé dish). Add a bay leaf, stand in a pan of water and bake for 1 1/2 hours at a very low temperature (Gas 1 or 300 degrees Fhr.). Remove the bay leaf. Place a weighted plate on top and leave overnight, then pour on a little melted fresh pork or butter fat. There was enough pate for 12 or more servings, and I reckon that the cost for this particular meal was about 2s.

### CLAIRET

THIS, which served as an aperitif as well as with the pate was a very pleasant, very light rose which Anna described as "absolutely wonderful" and Peter thought "unpretentious but very smooth."

Raymond, who had expected the pate to be what he termed the "household kind," felt that it made a "rabbit" of his Claret.

I thought it rather overpowering for this wine but the wine itself was excellent for the aperitif. After all, this was a meal for young folk and we had agreed that strong wines were not desirable.

### WINE TIP

THE St Emilion was a very pleasant surprise. Before lunch, Raymond did a "trick" with it which he had seen carried out in the cellar of Baron Philippe de Rothschild at the Chateau Mouton Rothschild. It has the wonderful effect of maturing a very young wine "on the spot."

He emptied the two bottles into a warm, dry jug, then rinsed out the bottles with very

hot water and at once poured the wine back into them. The effect of this is to oxygenise any young wine and cause quick development. This does two things: provides a rounder taste and better perfume and takes away any suggestion of "eartheness." I give you this tip, which you may like to try with any inexpensive red wine.

### GOULASH

I MADE enough for eight good servings a day in advance because this dish is even better when reheated and is, of course, ideal for a busy person. I used my tomato-coloured enamelled iron casserole.

Everyone should possess one of these because it can be used equally well in the oven and on the top of the cooker. Further, it is attractive enough to be taken to the dining-room, thus cutting out last-minute dishing-up. It also halves the washing-up.

Here is the recipe given to me by Vilmos Csom, the chef of the Hungarian Csarda. I urge you to try it.

Melt approximately 2oz. lard in a deep pan. Add 1 lb. thinly

sliced onions and simmer them in the fat until they are translucent. Take care not to colour them. Work in two tablespoons of paprika (sweet red pepper) over a low heat. Add 2 to 2 1/2 lb. stewing beef cut into 1-inch squares. (Leg beef, top side of any lean stewing beef will do.) Cook, very gently, while stirring, to get the paprika worked into the meat. Add 1 teaspoon finely chopped caraway seeds, a clove of garlic and salt to taste.

Now add two large sweet green peppers cut into four strips, each, the seeds and core removed. Cover tightly and simmer over the lowest heat for cooking, occasionally giving the mixing a good stir.

Cook for two hours (or longer if you choose leg beef). On no account add any water. The dish itself makes ample sauce.

If you make this dish a day in advance turn it into a bowl. Next day, before reheating it, add one to two tablespoons of water to the pan, then slowly reheat. (But no water in the actual cooking.)

### TARTHONYA

THIS is a macaroni paste (sometimes called macaroni rice here), made into tiny pieces like rice, and browned. I bought it ready-made in a Soho store for 1s. a pound.

A breakfast-cup of it is fried in two tablespoons of lard, then a chopped halved onion and a teaspoon of paprika are worked into it. Add four cups water, and salt to taste. Bring to the boil.

When the tarthonya has soaked up the moisture, cover and finish off the cooking in the oven. That, with any fresh vegetable, plainly cooked, makes an excellent and easily prepared dish.

We all enjoyed the goulash and I have entered it in my book of special dishes. The 1950 St. Emilion young as it was, stood up nobly to it and, after its "shock treatment," I would not be worried serving it to a gourmet friend who comes here from Paris every six weeks.

Both the young people really liked the coffee, which pleased me very much.

The whole meal, including the three bottles of wine at 6s. 6d. each, cost 33s. 6d.

## UPS AND DOWNS OF WEIGHT

By W. W. BAUER, M.D.

BEFORE one can talk about over- or under-weight, one must first establish a base from which to start. How much ought a person to weigh? And how was that "normal" weight arrived at? Who decided it?

It is better to speak of desirable weight than of normal weight. And the height-weight-age tables are not to be regarded as any absolute standard. They are a useful general guide, but that is all. Desirable weight is usually that at which the individual feels, and acts, best. It may not be the same for all persons of the same height and age.

Desirable body weight is composed of the necessary bones, muscles, fibrous tissues and organs, plus a reasonable amount of fat required for padding and contour. Excess amounts of fat are undesirable. The best criterion of desirable weight is not practical for everyday use. It is the specific gravity of the body — its relationship to an equal volume of water. Unfortunately we cannot immerse ourselves completely in water for weighing purposes without acquiring or having access to a great deal of expensive equipment.

Weighing oneself, as commonly practised, is subject to much criticism. Most weight-conscious persons weigh themselves too often. The body changes weight, sometimes from hour to hour, depending on the food eaten, the water retained, the emptying of bowels and bladder, and the amount of water lost by perspiration or retained following a salty meal. The proper time for weighing is once a week, at the same hour of the same day, with the same amount of clothing. If convenient it is best to weigh unclothed. A record of weight from week to week may

be plotted on a simple graph diagram, if desired. Weighing every day leads to over-emphasis on slight changes and needless worry.

The weight is generally regarded as beyond the limits of normal if it goes more than 10 percent above or below that expected for age and build. The deviation is serious if it reaches 20 percent.

There are many more persons with overweight problems than with underweight, but both groups have difficulty making the weight they desire, and keeping it. The secret in both instances lies mainly in diet. Activity, for instance, if decreased, favours overweight on a diet which otherwise would merely maintain the normal weight on a programme of greater activity. In the

underweight, reduction of activity is a help in gaining weight. It is difficult to control weight by activity alone, but proper balance of rest and activity is a help.

In a few cases, glandular disturbance may be responsible for either overweight or underweight. But these are sufficiently uncommon to be invalid as an excuse for most persons, particularly the overweight. In the presence of these unusual circumstances, medical examination and dieting will overcome a basic physiological inadequacy. The medical examination should always precede any effort to effect a change in weight, to be sure that the general health is good, or if not, to procure essential treatment.

Medical conditions are more likely to account for underweight than for overweight, particularly in children. Infected tonsils, bad teeth, anemia, eye-strain or chronic fatigue, plus emotional reactions, may keep a child from achieving normal nutrition and proper growth and gain. Tubercular, diabetes or other unrecognised conditions may also underlie underweight.

Changing the weight, and keeping the changed weight once it is arrived at, is a long-term job, not a one-week stunt. It requires a basic change in the pattern of living, sometimes a fundamentally new outlook on life. And this usually needs to be permanent, if the results are to be lasting. It should not be undertaken lightly, and never without medical supervision. The success of group efforts, particularly in the overweight, suggests that misery loves company, and that company helps defeat misery.

## DOES HE ALWAYS EXPECT YOU TO BRING A GIFT?

By GARRY C. MYERS, Ph.D.

"WHAT did you bring me?"

To many parents of children under five or six, this is a familiar question. It may be heard every time the mother returns from shopping or from any trip away from home. After she has brought something regularly for a few times, her child may be greatly disappointed over a single exception. Sometimes the gift is promised when the mother leaves as a kind of bribe.

Bringing home gifts had better be an exception and surprise rather than the rule. It should be done seldom enough so that the child will not expect a gift every time his mother returns home. Once the bad practice has been established of the mother might, on leaving home, tell him, "I won't bring

anything for you this time but at some other time, perhaps." The mother who goes out for pleasure and leaves the youngster more often than she thinks she should, or the mother who works when she really doesn't need to do so, may lavish gifts on her child to save her conscience. The danger to her then is that she will compensate with more material things for the companionship and affection she should show him.

Also, the father who must be away from home for a week or more at a time may feel that he should often "bring something home for the little one." This may buy the child's affection temporarily, but it could also make things more difficult for the mother.

Grandparents, too, as soon as they arrive are often asked, "What did you bring me?" And the more frequent the visits the more surely this question will be asked.

Some parents and grandparents, writing me about the hard-to-manage selfish child of five, nine or even fourteen, are puzzled by the child's be-

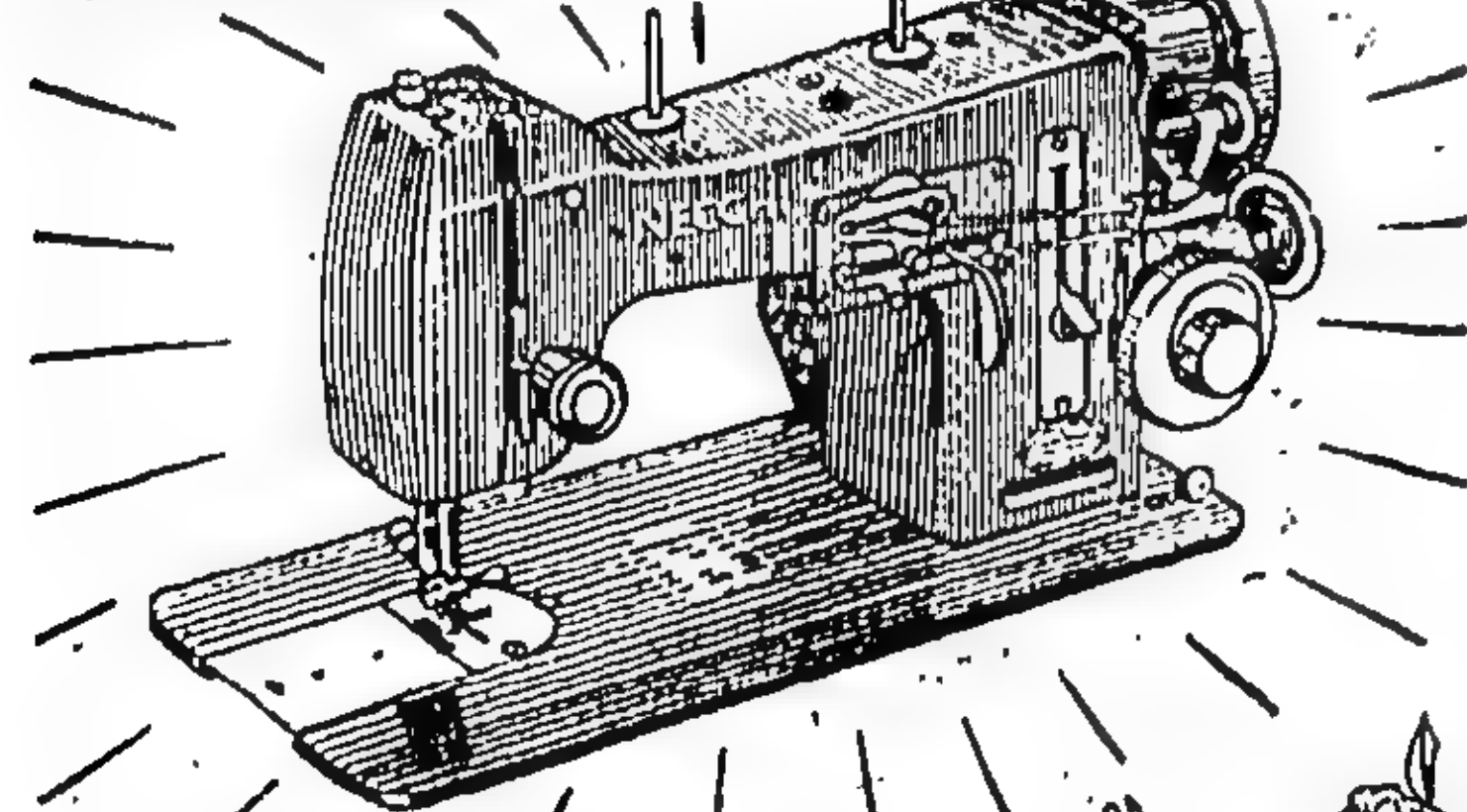
haviour. "I buy him almost everything he wants," they'll say. "One doesn't buy co-operation and affection with things any more than a child can buy playmates."

### BECOMES SELFISH

You may often take your tot along when you shop at the neighbourhood food store. He sees things he wants and asks you to buy them. On a few trips, you may derive great pleasure from buying something for him; but before long, he may have more wants and be more insistent that you supply them. Soon he habitually expects you to buy something for him and may employ tears or even tantrums to force your hand. What a nuisance he has developed. See how selfish he has grown!

With the next baby, don't begin this practice. Rarely buy him anything on the shopping trip. If you have already begun the practice, tell him today as you leave home with him, "No toy or gift today" and stick to it. You will have to be very firm.

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## Keep Baby Comfortable Despite Hot Weather

PRICKLY heat is likely to make your baby very restless and irritable. Dressing your youngster properly in hot weather will help to keep this rash of small raised red spots from breaking out. While the water blisters—they're usually about the size of a pin point—may break out just about anywhere, they most often appear on a baby's neck, shoulders, chest or face.

If a snugly fitting bonnet makes a baby's forehead perspire, the rash probably will occur there; for perspiration produces prickly heat.

When it's extremely hot, put as few clothes as possible on your infant. The clothing next to his skin should be soft, lightweight cotton or linen.

For a baby who is bothered by prickly heat, a specially prepared sponge bath is helpful. Several times a day sponge his entire body with a quart of cool water to which has been added four teaspoonsful of baking soda. But don't use any soap!

After the sponging, pat his skin dry with a soft towel. Then apply a mild lotion such as calamine lotion. Or, if there is itching, you can lightly apply baby powder, corn starch or baking soda. Don't use so much powder that it becomes caked in the creases of his arms, legs or neck.

Exposing the creases of your tot's neck to the air by frequently changing his position, probably will help prevent the rash.

—H. N. SUNDISEN, M.D.

## Knit While You Relax

### 4-COLOUR JUMPER

Materials: Lister's Lavender 3 ply—4 ozs. Ground shade; 2 ozs. Dark shade; 1 oz. Light shade; 1 oz. Medium shade. Pair each needles Nos. 10 and 12.

Measurements: To fit 34 ins. Bust measurement. Length from shoulder 10 1/2 ins. Length of under-sleeve seam 4 1/4 ins.

Tension: 1 1/2 sts. and 10 rows equal one inch (No. 10 needles). N.B. The tension of the knitting controls the size of the finished garment. Before commencing cast on 15 sts. and work in one row knit one row purl for 20 rows. If your sample has less sts. per inch than our tension, try again with smaller needles and vice versa. Then work the garment on the needles which produce our tension.

Cast on—Thumb Method: 2 yards from the end twist the wool round the left thumb to make a loop and knit this loop onto the needle from the ball of wool. Repeat till required number of sts. are on the needle making the loop from the 2 yards and knitting from the ball. This method of casting on should always be used.

Abbreviations: K, knit; p, purl; sts, stitches; ins, inches; tog, together; st, stocking stitch; P2 IN, Purl twice into st, i.e. into front and then into back of st; G, Ground; L, Light; M, Medium; D, Dark; W, Wool; SKPO, Slip one, knit one, pass slipped st over.

BACK Using No. 12 needles and GW cast on 114 sts. and work in K, 1, P, 1 rib for 4 ins.

Increase row: (Wrong side facing): p. 4 (p. 2 in, p. 7) thirteen times, p. 2 in, p. 6 (128 sts.). Change to No. 10 needles and work in (1st row—knit) working shade in following order: 4 rows MW, 2 rows GW, 6 rows DW, 4 rows LW, 2 rows DW, 4 rows GW. These 22 rows form the continuity of the stripes. Repeat these 22 pattern rows three times more.

Shape Armholes: Keeping the continuity of the stripes: Cast off 7 sts. at beginning of next 2 rows, then K. 2 tog. at each end of every row until 84 sts. remain. Continue in pattern on these sts. until 7 patterns have been completed from commencement.

Shape Shoulders: Cast off 11 sts. at beginning of next 6 rows; Cast off remaining sts.

FRONT Using No. 12 needles and GW cast on 114 sts. and work in K, 1, P, 1 rib for 4 ins.

Increase row: (Wrong side facing): (p. 6, p. 2 in) seven times, p. 10, (p. 2 in, p. 6) seven times, (128 sts.). Change to No. 10 needles and MW.

Next row: K. 50 sts., turn. Continue to work in stripe pattern on these sts. as given for Back until 4 patterns have been completed (13 ins.).

Shape Armhole: Commencing at armhole edge, and keeping the continuity of the stripes throughout: Cast off 7 sts. at beginning of next row, then K. 2 tog. at same edge on following 10 rows. (30 sts.). Continue on these sts. until 5 patterns have been completed.

Shape Shoulder: Commencing at armhole edge, cast off 11 sts. at beginning of next and each alternate row three times. Return to remaining sts., rejoin GW and using No. 10 needles cast off 16 sts. Change to MW and work in stripes as for Left Front until 4 patterns have been completed. Work one row more.

Shape Armhole: Cast off 7 sts. at beginning of next row, then K. 2 tog. at same edge on following 10 rows. (30 sts.). Continue on these sts. until 5 patterns have been completed.

Next row: K. 1; SKPO, knit to end. Continue in pattern decreasing at neck edge as before on every 6th row until 83 sts. remain. Continue on these sts. until 7 patterns have been completed from commencement. Work one row more.

Shape Shoulder: Commencing at armhole edge, cast off 11 sts. at beginning of next and each alternate row three times. Return to remaining sts., rejoin GW and using No. 10 needles cast off 16 sts. Change to MW and work in stripes as for Left Front until 4 patterns have been completed. Work one row more.

Shape Armhole: Cast off 7 sts. at beginning of next row, then K. 2 tog. at same edge on following 10 rows. (30 sts.). Continue on these sts. until 5 patterns have been completed.

Shape Armhole: Commencing at armhole edge, and keeping the continuity of the stripes throughout: Cast off 7 sts. at beginning of next row, then K. 2 tog. at same edge on following 10 rows. (30 sts.). Continue on these sts. until 5 patterns have been completed.

Shape Shoulder: Commencing at armhole edge, cast off 11 sts. at beginning of next and each alternate row three times. Return to remaining sts., rejoin GW and using No. 10 needles cast off 16 sts. Change to MW and work in stripes as for Left Front until 4 patterns have been completed. Work one row more.

Shape Armhole: Cast off 7 sts. at beginning of next row, then K. 2 tog. at same edge on following 10 rows. (30 sts.). Continue on these sts. until 5 patterns have been completed.

Next row: K. 1; SKPO, knit to end. Continue in pattern decreasing at neck edge as before on every 6th row until 83 sts. remain. Continue on these sts. until 7 patterns have been completed from commencement. Work one row more.

Shape Shoulder: Commencing at armhole edge, cast off 11 sts. at beginning of next and each alternate row three times. Return to remaining sts., rejoin GW and using No. 10 needles cast off 16 sts. Change to MW and work in stripes as for Left Front until 4 patterns have been completed. Work one row more.

Shape Shoulder: Cast off 11 sts. at beginning of next 6 rows; Cast off remaining sts.

FRONT Using No. 12 needles and GW cast on 114 sts. and work in K, 1, P, 1 rib for 4 ins.

Increase row: (Wrong side facing): (p. 6, p. 2 in) seven times, p. 10, (p. 2 in, p. 6) seven times, (128 sts.). Change to No. 10 needles and MW.

Next row: K. 50 sts., turn. Continue to work in stripe pattern on these sts. as given for Back until 4 patterns have been completed (13 ins.).

Shape Armhole: Commencing at armhole edge, and keeping the continuity of the stripes throughout: Cast off 7 sts. at beginning of next row, then K. 2 tog. at same edge on following 10 rows. (30 sts.). Continue on these sts. until 5 patterns have been completed.

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### TO MAKE UP

Pin out and press each piece on wrong side under a damp cloth, avoiding ribbed welts. Join side, shoulder and sleeve seams. Sew in sleeves placing centre of head of sleeve to shoulder seam. Sew Front Band in position placing shaped edge to neck edge and wrapping right side over left side when joining to ribbed welts. Press all seams.



JOHN ROBBINS retells one of  
the World's Strangest Stories

## THE MAN ALL LONDON HATED

IT was no ordinary execution. The mob-packed tight round Tyburn's "triple tree" were enraged and restless. "Hangman," came the incessant call, "do your office."

Fearful of his own safety, the hangman fixed the halter round the neck of the miserable, half-conscious man in the execution cart—and did his office.

So on a sunny spring morning in 1725 ended the life of Jonathan Wild, self-styled Thief-Catcher-General of Great Britain and Ireland, the most hated and feared man in 18th century London.

It was a fitting end for the biggest double-crosser in history. And an ironic end—for Wild had sent thousands to the same gallows.

Wild led his criminal life, according to one writer, with "an effrontery that was nothing less than genius." Ostensibly he was in the service of the justice as a thief-taker, and the respectable recoverer of stolen property. Neatly dressed in green with a sword at his side, he carried a silver staff as a token of his "authority."

But behind that facade of respectability which prompted him to seek Freedom of the City as a reward for his honesty, he was the undercover chief of the largest gang of robbers and cut-throats in London.

The rewards paid to informers allowed him to turn his unique position into great profit. Highwaymen, burglars and house-breakers could be "sold" for £40; counterfeiters also fetched £40 if they dealt in gold or silver, only £10 if they confined themselves to copper.

Wild had no compunction in "selling" the wretches who committed the crimes he himself organised.

Yet it took an Act of Parliament to bring this arch-rogue to justice, and he was eventually hanged for the comparatively venial offence of receiving money on false pretences.

Born in Wolverhampton about the year 1682, Wild was apprenticed at the age of 15 to a buckle-maker in Birmingham. He was married when he was 22, but two years later deserted his wife and young son to hitch-hike to London in search of fortune.

Exciting pity by a false limp (it is said he could dislocate his hip at will), he easily obtained lifts in south-bound carriages.

At first he sought to make a living at his own trade, but extravagant habits soon ran him into debt. During four years in prison he learned many secrets of the underworld and met a woman called Mary Milliner, who became his tutor in crime.

According to the Newgate Calendar, she had "run round the whole circle of vice, knew all the ways of the town, and most of its felonious inhabitants."

Together they took a public-house in Cock Alley, opposite Cripplegate Church, which became a haunt for thieves. Wild quickly learned their habits, applied blackmail and began to direct their crimes.

As soon as a robbery was committed, Wild was informed and the booty hidden in a con-



JONATHAN WILD, THIEF-CATCHER GENERAL

venient place. Then Wild went to the people who had been plundered and offered to recover their lost property. When it was returned to them they were only too happy to pay a reward that was generally a paper one. In this way Wild became a "thief-taker" from a "thief-catcher."

Wild maintained a house of his own, and he had a "make-out" from his informers.

So great was his success that after a time he did not have to ask for help. He had not only robbed but he had also recovered the stolen goods.

Wild's success led to a number of imitations. One of the most famous of these was a man called "The Great Pretender" who had not only robbed but he had also recovered the stolen goods.

"If a subordinate dared to disobey or to shirk his duty," wrote one of his biographers, "he was dealt with as severely as the most hardened criminal." Wild was a man who had no mercy for anyone who dared to disobey him.

But Wild was not beyond showing mercy. Once, when he had brought a confederate to the dock at the Old Bailey, he released him at the last moment and kept the prosecutor drunk until the case was over.

He was brave. He suffered many wounds while apprehending criminals. When he arrested a man who had robbed two peers he held on to the victim's chin with his teeth.

It was about this time that he took to wearing a sword and a pair of pistols. He was a man of war, and he was not afraid to use his weapons.

In 1715 Wild moved to new premises near the Old Bailey and soon afterwards fell out with a confederate, a villainous City Merchant called Charles Hiltchin. They abused each other in scurrilous pamphlets and advertisements until Hiltchin was suspended from office.

Wild's villainy, however, did not escape notice in high quarters. At the instigation of the Recorder, Sir William Thompson an Act was passed in 1719 making it a capital offence for anybody to take a reward under the pretence of restoring stolen goods excepting where they were prosecuted the felons who had stolen them.

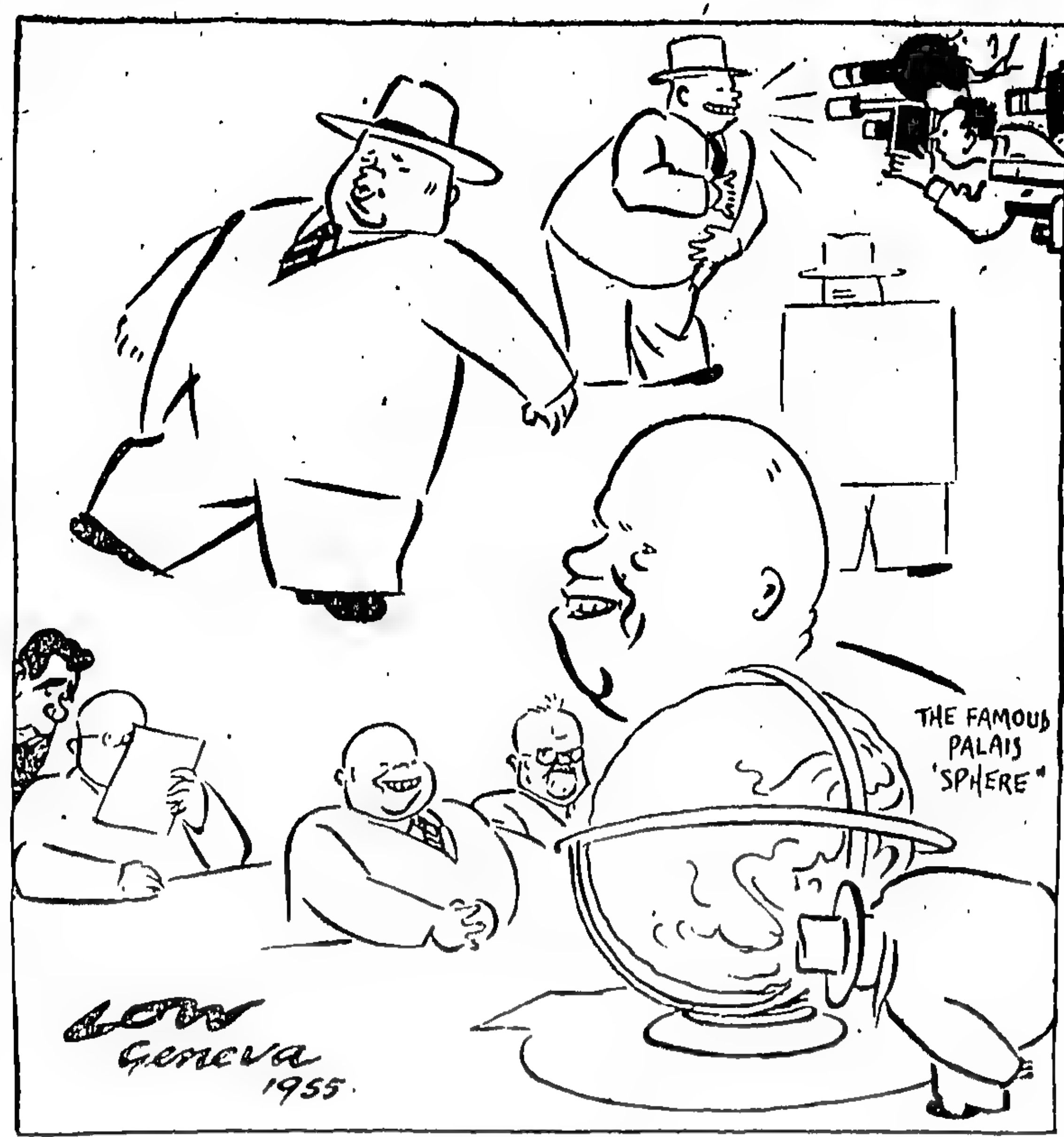
His downfall was brought about by an informer, a publican called Tom Edwards. As a result stolen property was found in a warehouse owned by Wild and he was arrested by the High Constable of Holborn on February 10, 1725.

He was eventually arraigned at the Old Bailey on an indictment containing 11 counts, but managed to have his trial postponed. At the next sessions he was convicted of feloniously receiving on March 10—while he was in prison—the sum of ten guineas from a Katharine Stetham for the purpose of apprehending the thieves of 50 yards of lace. It was, it is said, a crime he did not commit.

On the morning of his execution Wild tried to kill himself with a large dose of laudanum. But it merely made him drowsy and he could hardly keep his eyes open.

Probably as he lay in the execution cart that Monday morning, he hardly noticed the falling crowds.

He died "to a yell of universal joy."



KHRUSHCHEV

## RENE MacCOLL, BACK IN MOSCOW, REPORTS

### What A Change!

EVEN before I reached Moscow in the small hours of the morning I knew that things would be different.

Last year my first stop in Soviet territory was at Leningrad. A stony-faced policeman appeared in our plane, collected all passports. We had a polite, but chilly, customs examination.

But this year! My first stop inside Russia was at Vilna in Lithuania. Nobody bothered us in the plane, and as we came down the ramp we were met by a smiling, ebullient man in civilian clothes who gave each of us an individual greeting of American "pleasant" intensity.

Customs? Of course not, my dear fellow. We would not dream of troubling you. This way to the dinner table. Vodka, wine, beer. We have, I repeat, to take a note of what foreign currency you may have with you—but forgive the annoyance, please.

Moscow at 2.30 in the morning. Smiles from the chauffeur of the waiting car. I notice that he still keeps shifting into neutral, coughing, and re-engaging his gear. The petrol-saving campaign must still be on. A bit of sleep, and then up to have my first look at this year's Moscow.

The crowds accept the fierce heat, and dress accordingly. The men are in shirtsleeves, beach shirts, or simply ordinary shirts without ties. Women are in flowered dresses, loose fitting.

### Big Difference

But the big difference from last year. There is now never a surly face. The girl who takes my telegram—she is smiling and cheerful. (Last year the scowl would never have been lifted for a moment.) The waiters in the restaurants pause to exchange a helting jest. (Last year—strictly "business.")

In the streets there are various portions of the new relaxation. Instead of the glum looks which 12 months ago said, "You are a foreigner—we can tell it from your expensive clothes—what are you doing here?" I now see frank and pleasant expressions. This time it almost seems to add up to "Welcome, stranger."

round from behind the festive tent to let me, in the first best sort of way, that when I leave the U.S.S.R. I shall not be able to take any routes out with me. Last year no one would have bothered to tell me that.

Even the policeman stationed outside the American Embassy has recently begun to amaze American officials by giving them a salute and an occasional smile as they pass. Smiles for the Americans? Unheard of.

Better still is this news. When I was last here there was, outside such towns as Moscow and Leningrad, an unbridled anti-Western campaign in full blast by means of crude coloured posters in the parks or public squares of the smaller towns.

Now it can be said on the best authority that these posters are either disappearing or are considerably torn down.

The West is not being let off scot free just yet, but the storm of pictorial abuse in the provinces is waning.

Who are the villains and who the heroes, according to the Russian public, as their official press and radio?

In recent weeks there has been a complete "lay-off" of any sort of criticism of Eisenhower. He is treated with respect. His press conferences have been fully and unconditionally reported.

He went to Geneva with Russia ready to give him a more than fair hearing. At the other end of the scale, Senator Knowland, of California, is still the target of much abuse. He is severely condemned because of the recent United States Senate resolution concerning the "liberation of the Russian satellite nations."

Duiles is still the subject of some suspicion. He is generally regarded as still safely anti-Russian, and also of being secretly in favour of "intervention" (a dread word in Russia, as they recall 1918-19 when the British and Americans openly helped the anti-Bolshevik armies).

Eden, like Eisenhower, is the subject of a "standstill" in criticism. He is thought to be less inflexible than was Churchill—and Eden has not, like Churchill, the "talent" of having been behind the old-time interventionists. But in Russian papers, some of the British press (unlike the French press, which is praised) comes in for some heavy blows.

British newspapers are said to be "non-constructive" as regards Geneva. And certain British journalists are accused of having "prefabricated ideas" about Soviet policy tucked away in their lockers.

The Manchester Guardian is particularly singled out over China.

Until recently it was fashionable to say in Moscow that

"the honest and open Russians" were going to Geneva with the intention of doing everything to secure agreement, the Americans and British were "dragging their feet" and had no real intention of trying to do their best.

That line was later completely dropped.

### Black market

The Black Market has returned unexpectedly in Russia—and in two unexpected commodities. They are jazz records and rooms at holiday resorts.

The official line with jazz is that it is a deplorable and decadent Western phenomenon which should be heavily discouraged in Russia.

But the young people of Russia have a sneaking liking for it. And so it comes about that if you go to the "GUM," a huge department store in Red Square and find nothing in the gramophone department except recordings of symphony orchestras, violin concertos or massed choirs, you may find your sleeve plucked by a sly young man.

He leads you round the corner and up an alley. There a friend of finger-on-lips stuff and anxious glances toward the road, they produce "real hot jazz records."

The amazing thing about these under-the-counter discs, which cost 10 roubles each, or nearly one pound at the inflated official rate of exchange—is that they are made of old X-ray photographic film material.

The tunes themselves are obtained either from clandestine parties played in some cellar or well-shuttered flat, or else they are recorded off foreign radio programmes.

And now for the lodging house racket. It happens at Yalta and other holiday resorts on the Black Sea and Crimean coast.

In the last year or so the practice of sending workers in large groups to the holiday "sanatoria," where they must do everything by numbers, has been weakening.

This is because individual workers with more money in their pay-packets have been rediscovering the joys of an untrammelled holiday all on their own.

So, nowadays, near railway stations and taxi stands of the holiday resorts, old ladies linger. And they stare up and out of the corners of their mouths offer the incoming holiday-makers "nice rooms—not in the hotel."

There are plenty of takers.

Two straws

And now here are straws in the wind—bad and good.

Out in Tashkent, in Soviet Central Asia, an official orator in the public Park of Culture and Rest just the other day addressed a big crowd with all the old venom against the West.

His words were inflammatory and wild. Hatred ran through all that he said.

Here in Moscow the British and American military attaches have been granted their own private driving licences. This means that they can now go off in their own cars to any part of the Soviet Union—except banned areas.

## Thank heavens I'm NOT under 21

... LIFE GETS SO COMPLICATED

IMAGINE being under 21, advanced in a career to be lovely to look at, moderately intelligent and free? You think it would be delightful? You are wrong. It is really a form of suffering. Or so I gather from two young jewelers on the threshold of their careers.

They both agreed that it life is as difficult after 21 as it is before, life is hardly worth living. They seem convinced that it is the same for most girls of their age.

For reasons that will soon be apparent, I may not mention their names; but one is blonde, the other brunette. The blonde urged me to write about their problem.

I promised to do my best. Their problem is as old as creation. It is, of course, man.

### A 'steady'

If you are under 21 and pretty, the one essential to happiness is a regular boy friend—"steady." This is a point of pride. Nothing is so humiliating as wanting to go to the pictures and having no one to take you. It reflects on your powers of attraction. It undermines your self-confidence. At the same time, it is equally necessary to feel sufficiently free to go out with anyone else.

So far, so good. Any young lady can manoeuvre herself into this situation. But here's the rub. If the "steady" shows similar inclinations life turns into a drama. If he actually goes out with another girl, it becomes intolerable.

The under-21 goes through agonies of jealousy. She assumes that she cannot be as attractive as she imagined. She may even prove incapable of holding a man. This makes her terrified of losing the one she has got. It is only one step from believing that she cannot live without him. Worse happens. This must, she tells herself, be LOVE.

Tears, letters, interminable telephone conversations follow. Meals are pecked at. She arrives hollow-eyed at breakfast.

Eventually the "steady" returns, penitent. He brings chocolates or flowers. Is this the beginning of a beautiful reconciliation? Not a bit of it. At the very instant of his return, as though by magic, he loses all his attraction. He even seems dull. But there he is, on the door-step with a lovelorn look in his eyes and a peace offering in his hands.

### No wonder

There is nothing for it but to play up to him, to pretend to be stirred to the depths. No wonder life is so complicated for juniors. Yet even complications are better than an emotional vacuum.

"An emotional vacuum," said the brunette, "is only possible if you're older and sufficiently I held my peace."

by JILL CRAIGIE

on the sofa suffice? And might not that other fussy have fewer scruples. Clearly another and more attractive "steady" must be found without delay.

In the meantime stringing along means walking a tight-rope. The "steady" must be kept both close and at bay. He must be seen often enough to keep him amused, but not too often as to make other "dates" impossible. Above all, he must have no suspicions that anyone else is in the offing. Not until goes out with another girl, it has been netted can he safely be let off the hook.

Unhappily, by this time it is not so easy to get rid of him. Musculine vanity can also be outraged. Letters, stormy scenes, interminable telephone conversations follow. The front door is banged on after midnight. Meals are pecked at the breakfast table.

### Such passion

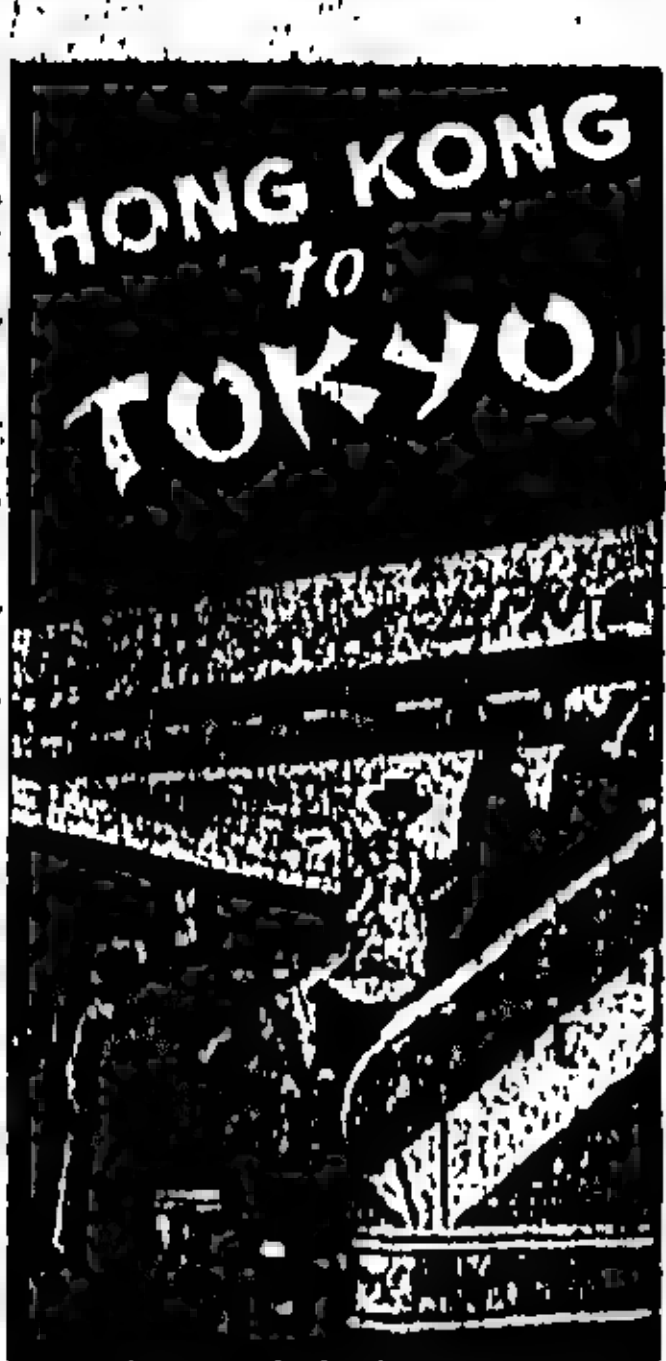
The girl is astonished to find how much her "steady" cares. She had no idea it was capable of such passion. She doubts if anyone could ever love her so much. She is filled with remorse at hurting him.

In fact, it is all too complicated. "But why can't you be satisfied with a number of escorts, one of whom you take too seriously?" I asked. "That surely would solve your difficulties."

I was wrong. The fellows are looking for "steadies," too. If three evenings out with a girl does not show promise of further development they are no longer interested.

"Perhaps marriage is the only solution," said the blonde. "It obviously can't be worse."

They looked at me inquiringly. I held my peace.



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## ARTIE'S HEADLINE



"But it doesn't say anything about on-duty uniforms, Sarge!"

● He may or may not have written this book, but private life in the Kremlin must have been something like this...

## BOOKS, by GEORGE MALCOLM THOMSON

## Litvinov—True or False?

NOTES FOR A JOURNAL.  
By Maxim Litvinov, Andre Deutsch, 18s. 303 pages.

THE most important question about this book is the one that is hardest to answer: Is it really the work of Maxim Litvinov, Soviet Commissar for Foreign Affairs from 1930 to 1939?

The claim is made—although neither by the publisher nor by E. H. Carr, author of the introduction—that Litvinov dictated these frank but fragmentary notes and deposited them with Madame Kollonta, Soviet Ambassador in Stockholm, who left them with a friend with instructions that they were not to be published before Litvinov's death. If this is so, then Litvinov was indeed a daring man.

The evidence on authenticity is conflicting, with one item strongly against Litvinov misdating the trial of General Tukhachevsky by a whole year. This Litvinov could not have done.

On the other hand, the anecdotes about scandals and personalities of the Kremlin usually ring true. Men like Stalin behave in a way that is most illuminating and true to what is already known of them. The Litvinov of the notes is recognisably the Litvinov of public life.

The book may be fiction—in which case it is the work of a brilliant imagination. It has certainly been "edited". It has no discernible propaganda value. There is probably a substratum of genuine reminiscence.

drunken sailors. "Koba put up a good show, laying out two of the sailors. I came out of the affair with broken glasses and a torn jacket."

"You defended me very gallantly, Pappasha, although your skill in the use of your fists was rather poor."

Touched to tears by such praise, feeling at the same time that Litvinov almost forgot to chide at the ruthlessness that lurked behind the Georgian's smile, the jealousy ("an Asiatic feature") which made it impossible for Koba to share anything, even a mistress, the anti-Semite which was never far off.

Chosen man

Stalin declared that the Jews were typical petty bourgeois, with the instinct of ownership developed over the centuries. Strange, Litvinov reflected, that he remembered Zinoviev's story of the two competing shoemakers' shops in Gori Stalin's native town: one was kept by Koba's father, the other by a Jewish immigrant.

Stalin was too savage, but what cunning! What patience! What a politician! Kameney reported Stalin's outburst, "I shall crush like a bug any man who tries to use a gun against me. I shall crush them all to the last man. The man chosen must be a Jew."

A Borgia?

Litvinov remembered that Trotsky had said of Stalin in 1926: "That man wouldn't hesitate to become a Borgia after having already become a Machiavelli." But Trotsky had been carried out of his house by policemen on a carpet "like an outsize puppy." It was an undignified exit.

Stalin remained, powerful, autocratic and—when the mood took him—hospitable, showing Litvinov the Crimean anecdotes he had planned in his park, the small zoo he had set up for his two children (two foxes, a wolf, two bears, Mishka and Grishka, a camel from Kazakhstan, etc.), telling the story of the drunken worker at the Moscow zoo.

Arrested for sitting on the crocodile, the proletarian had retorted: "He's a bastard. He devours human beings, and I am not even allowed to spit on him. What have we been fighting for?"

Liza amiably. Stalin keeps a collection of compromising photographs of President Kalinin whose face had been clapped at a girl's hostel. "Not in vain" writes Litvinov, "do we have a saying, As soon as a man's beard goes grey, the devil enters his heart."

Scandals—and photographs—of this kind were among the commonplaces of Soviet high politics, as reported in these notes.

Seances

More bizarre were the table-rapping seances held at Mme. Renegoltz's flat. The spirits of Marx and Lenin were evoked. Asked for his political advice, Lenin recommended the dissolution of the Soviet regime.

Stalin's nerve equal to most, Litvinov was shaken by the death of his wife, Alliluyeva, of which a circumstantial account is given.

Mossima, a woman friend of Alliluyeva, had been exiled to the Urals. Alliluyeva protested, and after a violent quarrel with Stalin, rushed out of their villa into the woods where eventually she was found lying on a rug in some bushes. Brought back by Stalin's henchmen, she swore she would commit suicide. Stalin then reluctantly agreed that Mossima would be transferred to a more lenient concentration camp.

All went well until the police discovered that, in letters smuggled out to Alliluyeva, Mossima was betraying secrets from her camp. Mossima was executed.

When the news reached her, Alliluyeva telephoned to her husband: "That's enough, I'm picking up a revolver. I know you are capable of ordering Leon to send his men to seize me."

Terrible years

Stalin, listening at the other end, held the revolver fixed. Pappasha's stories are rambling and incoherent; usually they break off on the edge of the most exciting revelation; the vital name has often to be guessed. Yet they make a document of extraordinary interest and varying credibility.

Fleeting or truth, private life in the Kremlin during those terrible years must have been something like this.

## PARADE

A COLUMN OF THE UNUSUAL ABOUT PEOPLE AND PLACES AND THINGS

DOESN'T EXIST

Paris police told back it all dated, "It's very old," he kept repeating. "It's good fun."

They were sorry, but she was dead, and there was nothing they could do about it for three weeks.

It would take them that long to check that she really had been in hospital after a car crash, and was not the body found in the River Seine which her own brother and sister had identified. All their forms would have to be altered, too, and the witnesses pinched.

It was a policeman who first walked into Madame Marné after her "resurrection."

"You have been drowned for three days," he told her. "You'd better hurry up and try to stop your funeral this afternoon."

And the Police told angry Madame Marné: "We think we can get you resurrected in about three weeks if you can find witnesses to prove who you are."

"Until then you have no civil status, your identity card is annulled—in fact, you don't exist."

OLD, BUT GOOD FUN

John Stone, 91, oldest city councillor of history, is looking for 23 special stones. They mark Canterbury's boundaries—one every mile—and they will be needed in September, time of the historic "beating of the bounds" ceremony, when the local Councillors face all who would challenge the boundaries of their city.

Mr Stone, who will be "Marshall" of the ceremony, is the only man who ever, vaguely remembers the whereabouts of the stones. He has visited them six times already, at every ceremony since 1895.

Canterbury's Mayor Dawton explained the form of the ceremony: "We walk a good 15 miles all told. But there's beer to refresh us, and a picnic lunch. Last time we didn't even finish the course, and had to go on next day."

"The Marshal shows us the way, making sure we don't trample on any crops that haven't been harvested. And when we get to each stone, some of us—the lighter ones—are bounced up and down on it by the tougher ones."

"They don't tackle me very much—I weigh 14 stone."

What is the point of it all? Mayor Dawton had to admit

he didn't know—or how far back it all dated. "It's very old," he kept repeating. "It's good fun."

RED FACES

Secret police, have searched bookshops in East Germany and seized all remaining copies of a book of anti-military cartoons poking fun at the army. It is called "Discipline is Everything: A Contribution to Self-defence by the Last Remaining Civilian."

The artist is Kurt Halbritter, a well-known West German cartoonist, and it was sent to the East from the West in a two-way cultural and literary exchange recently agreed between the two Germanies.

It is a bitter and sometimes brilliant attack on German militarism and militarisation. The Reds seized on it as propaganda against the new West Germany army.

They even printed, under licence, 30,000 copies. Too late did they notice a sarcastic reference to the Red Army. It is contained in the foreword by Werner Fink, a well-known West German satirist.

With tongue in cheek, he wrote: "In this sense, of course, the Russians do not possess soldiers, but only heavily-armed guardians of peace."

It is because of this, it is believed, that the book has been seized. Bookshops have been ordered to trace customers who bought the book before it was banned.

There is an official reason for seizing it. Say the Reds: "It demoralises people's ideas on armed forces."

STOLEN Mink cubs have been disappearing mysteriously from farms all over Jutland. Altogether between 5,000 and 10,000 cubs have been stolen in the past two years.

The flying squad of the Danish police has a special team working on the thefts, but not one cub has been recovered despite energetic searches in Denmark, Sweden and Germany.

The Danish-German frontier is under constant watch. There seems hardly a chance that the valuable animals have been moved that way.

The police have a theory that the cubs have been taken across the North Sea by fishing vessels.

It seems there is a gang, and a well-organised gang, at that, which operates during the spring, summer and autumn, but takes time off in the winter.

In June alone some 500 mink cubs disappeared from farms in Jutland. It is thought that members of the gang have established mink farms somewhere in England.

Meanwhile, police in England and Denmark are on the lookout for the thieves.

POLL A new craze—that of taking public opinion polls—is spreading through West Germany. The polls cover every conceivable subject from how many eggs the average chicken lays to how many sleeping tablets businessmen consume compared to film stars.

The latest poll, just announced by the government, analyses the early (or late) rising habits of West Germans. First to get up are the farmers (at 4 a.m.) followed in the cities by the factory workers who are the first to rise. Roughly one-fourth of them get up at 5.30 a.m.

Next come the white-collar workers between 6 and 7.30 a.m. Finally, the "independent professions" at 10 a.m.

AID FOR THE SITTERS

The life of the baby-sitter in the Midlands city of Nottingham is being made easier by a businesswoman with a voice recorder. After Louis Duchemin's baby-sitter had trouble one night, Duchemin cut a record of his own voice admonishing his children for misbehaving. Next time the sitter got into difficulties she simply turned on the record player and the kiddies calmed down.

The idea has caught on. Duchemin, at his studio, has been swamped with requests from parents eager to make night life easier for their sitters. Duchemin, the father of five, records parents' voices for about ten shillings for one minute on each side of the record.

ESCAPE RUSSIAN Baricade, reached Vienna recently—and a horned viper, the Balkans' deadliest snake, helped him escape.

Baricade planned to flee across the border hidden in the undercarriage of a railway coach.

But he knew frontier guards with dogs searched every train before it crossed the border. So he took the snake along with him, and released it when a dog discovered his hideout.

The dog and the snake fought till both were dead, but in the commotion, said Stefan, the guards forgot the search. And still clinging to the underside of the coach, Stefan continued his journey to freedom.

PAMPERED PALATE

A fruit market-firm in East Malling, England, is pampering the British palate by making sure that the strawberries they sell have been protected for extra texture, sweetness and acidity.

The research centre of the Kent Incorporated Society have established a panel of 24 adults who taste and categorise the strawberries before they are sold.

Panel members are asked to assess the general acceptability of each strawberry, taking into consideration the factors of texture, aroma and flavour.

They are then asked to grade them by numbers from one to five, with the blue ribbon going to five.

The researchers have even taken the human factor into consideration. Members of the panel have been broken up into those with a sweet tooth, those with a taste for sharp things, and smokers and non-smokers. The results, officials say, have balanced out pretty consistently.

CUCUMBERS HELPED

West London a little recently. During their tour of Britain, a Russian agricultural delegation were astonished to find that most of the British cucumbers were grown in hot-houses.

"We grow cucumbers in the open under far worse climatic conditions," one member of the delegation said.

So the art of growing cucumbers outside will be the subject of an exchange of information between Britain and Russia.

STATE JAZZ

Poles have given up trying to translate American jazz vocals into their own language. When the newly-formed state jazz orchestra goes on tour in October they will sing French and English songs in the original language.

The orchestra will give concerts all over Poland, with works by Gershwin, Duke Ellington, and Harry James.

## VIGNETTES OF LIFE

## Yours Truly

BY HARRY WEINERT





# Your Radio Listening For Next Week In Detail — A "China Mail" Feature

## Broadcast To People Of Hongkong By The Secretary Of State For The Colonies

At 7.30 this evening, the Right Honourable Alan Lennox-Boyd, P.C., M.P., will broadcast to the people of the Colony. The Secretary of State's talk will be simultaneously carried by both English and Chinese programmes, and will be followed on the Chinese programmes by a Cantonese translation.

On Wednesday evening at 9.30, the Hongkong Stage Club presents "Flight to World's End", a radio adaptation of a story by Gerald Kersh. The play concerns the adventures of an orphanage boy who learns, painfully, just how unreliable and selfish grown-ups can be.

The boy, Henry, is played by 14-year-old Jean Turner whose voice is heard on the radio for the first time, and other leading players include Audrey Mendes, David Jones, Robert Fearnley-Whittinghall, Glen Armstrong and Dreda Holman.

With the sole exception of Prudence Rowe-Evans, the cast consists entirely of new members of the Stage Club. The play is produced by Janet Tomblin.

### MOTORING MAGAZINE

This month's issue of "Motoring Magazine" features a new procedure road testing. The pages were working on the M.G. Magnette, and they took a portable recorder with them and recorded their immediate impressions with the car ticking over beside them.

Also in the issue Paul Lacey, an American connoisseur who has owned some of the most beautiful motor cars in the world, talks about some of them in the series "Interesting Cars I Have Owned".

The Brains Trust this month is discussing, among other things, Hongkong and why motorists should drive a Daimler. Other topics include: "Motoring Magazine" is on the air on Tuesday at 9.30 p.m.

### RECITAL

Two artists already well known to music lovers in the Colony for their work with the Hongkong Philharmonic, Cheng Chik-pui and Chiu Yee-ha, will give a recital from the Concert Hall, at Radio Hongkong on Wednesday evening.

Cheng Chik-pui is the leader of the 2nd violin in the Sino-Soviet Orchestra and Chiu Yee-ha was the soloist in the performance by the orchestra of Maurice Concerto No. 2 in A major, which was broadcast over Radio Hongkong last week.

The work chosen by Cheng Chik-pui and Chiu Yee-ha is Brahms' Sonata in G major, Opus 78, and can be heard at 9 p.m. on Wednesday.

(Broadcasting on a frequency of 880 kilocycles per second and on 3940 kilocycles, 70.14 metres.)

### Today

12.30 p.m. PROGRAMME SUMMARY.  
12.35 NEWS.  
1.00 p.m. WEATHER REPORT AND SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.  
1.15 LUNCHTIME MUSIC.  
1.30 p.m. PROGRAMME SUMMARY.  
1.45 NEWS.  
2.00 p.m. WEATHER REPORT AND SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.  
2.15 LUNCHTIME MUSIC.  
2.30 p.m. PROGRAMME SUMMARY.  
2.45 NEWS.  
3.00 p.m. WEATHER REPORT AND SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.  
3.15 LUNCHTIME MUSIC.  
3.30 p.m. PROGRAMME SUMMARY.  
3.45 NEWS.  
4.00 p.m. WEATHER REPORT AND SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.  
4.15 LUNCHTIME MUSIC.  
4.30 p.m. PROGRAMME SUMMARY.  
4.45 NEWS.  
5.00 p.m. WEATHER REPORT AND SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.  
5.15 LUNCHTIME MUSIC.  
5.30 p.m. PROGRAMME SUMMARY.  
5.45 NEWS.  
6.00 p.m. WEATHER REPORT AND SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.  
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6.30 p.m. PROGRAMME SUMMARY.  
6.45 NEWS.  
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7.30 p.m. PROGRAMME SUMMARY.  
7.45 NEWS.  
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10.45 NEWS.  
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8.20 MUSIC IN THE AIR.  
8.25 CLOSE DOWN.  
9.00 p.m. PROGRAMME SUMMARY.  
9.05 NEWS.  
9.10 TOP OF THE MORN.  
9.15 WEATHER REPORT AND SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.  
9.20 MUSIC IN THE AIR.  
9.25 CLOSE DOWN.

### Saturday

8.00 a.m. TIME SIGNAL AND OPENING MARCH.  
8.05 NEWS.  
8.10 TOP OF THE MORN.  
8.15 WEATHER REPORT AND SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.  
8.20 MUSIC IN THE AIR.  
8.25 CLOSE DOWN.  
9.00 p.m. PROGRAMME SUMMARY.  
9.05 NEWS.  
9.10 TOP OF THE MORN.  
9.15 WEATHER REPORT AND SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.  
9.20 MUSIC IN THE AIR.  
9.25 CLOSE DOWN.

### Sunday

8.00 a.m. TIME SIGNAL AND OPENING MARCH.  
8.05 NEWS.  
8.10 TOP OF THE MORN.  
8.15 WEATHER REPORT AND SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.  
8.20 MUSIC IN THE AIR.  
8.25 CLOSE DOWN.  
9.00 p.m. PROGRAMME SUMMARY.  
9.05 NEWS.  
9.10 TOP OF THE MORN.  
9.15 WEATHER REPORT AND SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.  
9.20 MUSIC IN THE AIR.  
9.25 CLOSE DOWN.

### FERNAND



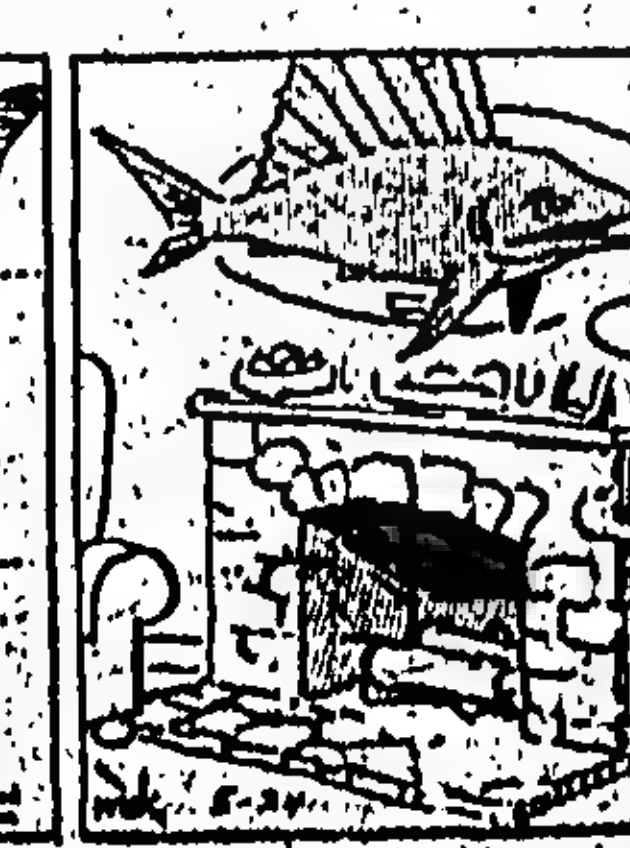
### By Milk



### By Milk



### By Milk



### By Milk



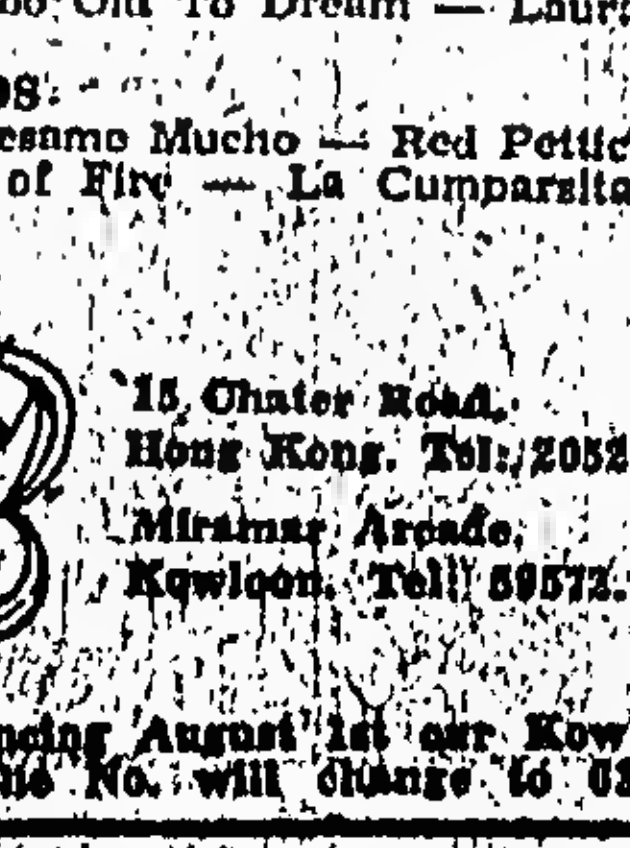
### By Milk



### By Milk



### By Milk



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Compounding August 1st at Kowloon Telephone No. will change to 03019.



## SATURDAY SOCCER SPOT

# TWO VITAL POINTS WERE RAISED BY THE PRESIDENT AT HKFA MEETING

By L. M. MacTAVISH

Now that the Annual General Meeting of the Hongkong Football Association is over and the office bearers for the ensuing year have been duly elected the football public will look forward to positive action in resolving the various problems that confront them.

Contrary to what was stated to be his own desire, but in accordance with the pre-meeting opinion of 'well informed circles,' Mr C. S. Wang was re-elected to the Chairmanship and his intimate knowledge of the current situation should be of the greatest assistance to the Council and the various committees when they are formed.

There is not one honest member of the football community in this Colony who will not endorse the presidential comments of Hon. Kwok Chan regarding untoward incidents on the field of play.

His direct appeal to club officials must not be allowed to go unheeded for it should never be forgotten that the conduct of a game is a sure reflection of the attitude of the management who sent him out in their colours.

Human nature being what it is, the isolated show of resentment or the temporary indiscretion coming in the heat of the moment can be understood, but when such characteristics begin to make regular appearances it is up to club officials to take remedial action.

The 'temperamental star' who is fanned on and fussed over; whose every indiscretion is sympathetically explained away; and whose own provocative action and tactics are persistently condoned; leads club as well as player into disrepute. Club action is far more laudable than the adoption of the attitude that things on the pitch should be left to the referee to sort out. Larrikism is all too easily born, but even from its embryo, rowdiness and hooliganism develop quickly.

## A CHALLENGE

The President's exhortation is timely, necessary, and a challenge to the less conscientious officials. For the lasting good of this great game of football one can only hope that it will not be disregarded.

I could not help but feel some satisfaction in the Hon. Kwok Chan's references to Tom Sneddon. What he said on this matter badly wanted saying by a top ranking official of the Association.

There is not a club playing under the aegis of the Association that cannot gain from Mr Sneddon's assistance, and provided it is clearly understood that tactical discussions are out, there need be no suspicion.

It is easy to understand the doubts that can exist if the same coach is closely connected with the internal working of several teams. I believe that such an attitude is less than fair to Tom Sneddon because, if he was fully employed on his fundamental task of advising on how to get men fit and how to improve their mastery of the skills of the game, he would have little time or inclination to advise on club tactics.

## SHEER BALDERDASH

It is pretty certain that he has been asked in the past to give such advice but it is sheer balderdash to suggest that he would play the double game and carry information about one team's tactical plan to another.

I reiterate that there are few players—however experienced—who cannot be improved in skill or in stamina, and if the employment of Mr Sneddon within that framework is encouraged and exploited, then the players, their clubs and eventually the Association and the public must reap the benefit.

Later in the week the Hongkong Referees Association held its Annual General Meeting and once again the Chairman was re-elected, Mr L. G. Young. In resuming his place in the chair will no doubt have his own plans for implementing the parent Association's recommendation that every effort should be made to raise the standard of refereeing.

However, as far as readers of this column are concerned there was one interesting development arising from the business of the meeting.

The Vice-chairman, Major A. C. A. Walker, told the members that a certain amendment had been made to Law 4 in so far as boots were concerned.

The contents of this amendment have been given wide publicity in the press and readers will have noticed that boots and studs on the sole of the boot have to conform to very clearly defined specifications.

Let us shift the calendar back a bit. Early last season after an incident in a senior game I raised that point that it was rather important that a referee should inspect every player's boots before the game commenced, particularly as the dangers from an injury caused by nails or other projections had just previously been indelibly underlined in the United Kingdom.

My comments brought forth a quick reply from one of the officials in the Colony disclaiming any liability on the part of the referee to inspect footwear except on request.

## IMPLIED RESPONSIBILITY

Now, on reading through the new amendment, one is im-

mediately struck by its possible weakness. If the above mentioned disclaimer is still representative of official attitude.

Aluminium studs and metal coatings are now permissible and it requires little imagination to appreciate that a nasty injury could be caused from the jagged edges of such a stud or metal fitting on the sole of the boot.

Hard distorted plastic could also lead to injury, and it is obvious from the amendment that the question of protruding nails has not been overlooked in the progressive flesh.

It rather beats me how any referee can be satisfied that Law 4 is being complied with unless he inspects the boots of every player before a game. He sanctions himself about the condition of the pitch, the ball, and even the goal nets, and it seems therefore that it is against the spirit of the new amendment either to wait for an inspection request, or worse still, wait until a player has received an injury.

I am not after picking an argument with anyone on this matter but the more one reads the precise wording of the amendment the more one must feel that there is an implied responsibility for the referee to satisfy himself that the Law is in fact being observed, from the very start of the game!!!

## Thank The Soccer Gods There Is Still A Stanley Matthews

Says ERIC NICHOLLS

Yet another soccer dish has been spoiled. The combined selection committee got together to cook up some sweet meats for the Great Britain versus the Rest of Europe match in Belfast on August 13. They made a hash instead.

The selectors, who seem to possess the ability to drop clangers with the same remarkable regularity that Rocky Marciano drops misguided opponents, have obviously decided on a 'let's be pals' policy for this all-important game.

The result is that instead of putting the best eleven footballers on show, a hotch-potch team, with places shared out between the Home countries, very nicely thank-you, will take the field against the best Europe can offer.

It is not good enough. If this is an indication that the same muddle-headed mismanagement which has handicapped British soccer affairs in the past is to continue into the 1955-56 season, then the time has come for a few resignations to be tendered.

Joe McDonald of Sunderland has never appeared for his country—Scotland—is an international. Yet he is given the left back position.

## BRIGHT YOUNG STAR

Footballer of the Year, Don Revie finds himself on the trainer's bench in reserve. And veteran Billy Liddell is given preference at outside left over such a bright young star as Chelsea's Boy Blunstone.

And where is Scotland's wizard Len Shackleton? Out in the cold, cold nowhere!

But it's the Welsh who have most reason to cry out. They will raise their voices to the skies, but not, I feel, sing praises, at the astounding

omission of Ivor Allchurch, possibly the finest inside forward in Great Britain.

The Swansea star doesn't get a look in. No, not even from a touch line seat, with the reserves.

As Wolves' Russian tour clashed with this match it was known that the team would be without Bert Williams, Billy Wright and Dennis Wilshaw. It was also known that as the Scottish season starts a week before English professionals get down to work, the Scots had issued an emphatic 'lay off our home players' order.

It was obvious that the selectors would wish for a fairly representative side. But it was not to be expected that

their 'old pals' act would go this far.

The one strong point in the side is the half back line of Dunny Blanchflower, John Charles and Bert Peacock. But they will need to be on their best behaviour.

## TOUGH ASSIGNMENT

For they have the tough assignment of blotting out the all-powerful inside trio of Puskas (Hungary), Kopa (France) and Kocsis (Hungary).

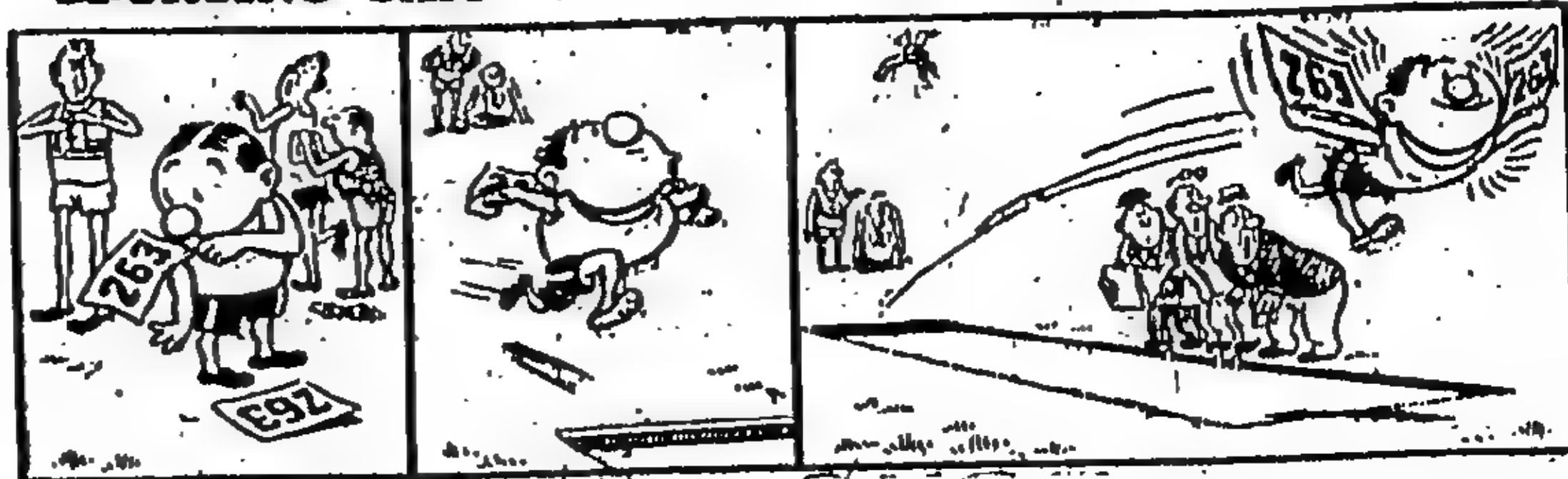
And the attack? Thank the Soccer Gods there is still a Matthews. Much of the responsibility for this ill-conceived, ill-formed forward line will rest on his slender shoulders. The result? A win for the Rest by 3-1.

## THE TEAM

Name	Club
Jack Kelsey	(Arsenal and Wales).
Peter Sillit	(Chelsea and England).
Joe McDonald	(Sunderland and Scotland).
Danny Blanchflower, captain	(Spurs and Ireland).
John Charles	(Leeds and Wales).
Bert Peacock	(Celtic and Ireland).
Stanley Matthews	(Manchester City and Scotland).
Bobby Johnston	(Chelsea and England).
Ray Bentley	(Burnley and Ireland).
Jimmy McIntyre	(Liverpool and Scotland).
Billy Liddell	(Liverpool and Scotland).
Reserves:	
Fraser (Sunderland and Scotland)	
Byrne (Manchester United and England)	
Docherty (Preston and Scotland)	
Revie (Manchester City and England).	

## SPORTING SAM

By Reg. Wootton



## LEAGUE BOWLS

## KCC—IRC Match Should Be The Best Of The Afternoon

By "TOUCHER"

No changes are expected in the relative positions of the top teams in the three divisions of the Colony Lawn Bowls League as another round is played off this afternoon.

First Division League-leaders and current Champions Recreio "Blues" will have Filipino Club as their opponents on their home green. In their first meeting, the Champions won decisively by 5-0. The only opposition came from L. S. Silva's four who extended C. E. Passos' four to a 19-22 score.

The play of the Filipino bowlers has slumped to such an extent during the last few weeks that nothing short of exceptional bowling in their remaining matches could save them from being relegated into the Second Division next season.

The "Blues" have made only one change to their regular team. A. Colloce comes into the Recreio twelve in place of A. M. Souza as No. 2 in Raoul Luz's rink. Only an upset victory by any of the Filipino Club fours can prevent the home team from collecting maximum points.

## TOUGHER FUTURE

Second-placed Craighower, on the other hand, will have to fight very much harder than the Recreio "Blues" in their quest for full points against the

vastly improved Recreio "Whites".

They dropped one point in their first match when George Souza's four went down to A. A. Remedios and his men by 16-22. The Valley club has since reorganised its team, slightly for the better, but should probably still be unable to stop the plucky "Whites" from taking one point out of this match.

The best First Division match will be fought out at Cox's Road where third-placed and former League-leaders Kowloon Cricket Club will play hosts to Indian Recreation Club.

Though they have met with only varying success in the League so far, the Indians were largely responsible for the downslide of the Cricket Club twelve by handing them their first defeat of the season in the first round.

For the Kowloonites, this afternoon's game may well mean their exit from the race for the Championship.

Already 4½ points behind Recreio "Blues", and having played the League leaders twice, their only hope—a rather slim hope at that—of snatching the title is to collect maximum points in every one of their remaining matches and wait for the "Blues" to drop one game.

On the form that most of the Indian players have been showing in the Open Championship matches, a repeat win for them is, I think, extremely likely.

In their previous encounter the Indians managed to win on only one rink and by the final score of 3-2. Tactics will play an important part in the final result of this afternoon's match, and unless the KCC bowlers appreciate the full value and importance of back woods against the aggressive play of the Indians, a 4-1 win for the Indians is more than likely.

## OPEN TRIPLES

Tomorrow, interest shifts to the second round games of the Colony Open Triples Championship.

With Hong Sing's three already eliminated, two combinations are regarded as strong favourites for the title this year. One is that of the Luz brothers and another the Indian Recreation Club three of I. Ali, M. B. Hassan and A. M. Omar.

The Luz brothers have quite a major obstacle to surmount tomorrow when they clash against A. R. A. Rahman, M. J. Divecha and U. A. Rahman. At least average form is needed of them for this game.

A. M. Omar's three will also have no mean opponents for their match in the Recreio combination of A. M. Baptista, E. M. Alarcoun and A. A. Lopez. All these three are fine drawing men and can provide the unexpected should their more favoured opponents strike one of those days when they keep on "passing by the window".

## TODAY'S GAMES

First Division  
Recreio "Blues" v FC IRC "Gold" v KBGC  
KCC v IRC "Blues"  
CCC v Recreio "Whites"  
PRC (bye)

Second Division  
CCC v KCC  
FC v TC  
HKFC v USRC  
HKCC v KDC  
PRC (bye)

Third Division  
KDC v KCC  
HKFC v FC  
HKIRC v KBGC  
PRC v POC  
USRC (bye)

## Len Creese Is A Connoisseur Of Cricketing Wickets

South African born Len Creese, once a fine all-rounder for Hampshire, is a connoisseur of cricketing wickets. After his retirement at the end of the last war he took charge of the fine ground at Sherborne School.

Now he is at Hastings where he combines the duties of groundsman at the picturesque County ground which lies snugly under the frowning walls of Harold's historic castle with acting as mine host at a near-by hotel where Len has something to say about modern cricketers.

After 33 wickets had fallen in the Sussex-Warwickshire match for only 423 runs on a beautifully prepared pitch Creese said only rank and batting was responsible. "That wicket, even in the fourth innings," he said, "is good for another 400 runs." I inspected it. It was.

Yet the first three innings had produced 178, 109, 133 totals. "The bowling was never high class," said Len, "but they all played back and let the ball turn and beat them instead of going forward and smothering it. Tom Dolery was the only one to do that and it gave him 82 runs."

## OLD COLLEAGUES

Creese went on to say that some of his old colleagues in the Hampshire team—Phil Mead, George Brown, Lord Tennyson—would have reaped a merry harvest on it. "The trouble is," said Len, "that they are all worrying today about their averages."

"True, County committees look at those figures when they consider future employment, but I think it batsmen showed greater enterprise they could tame the present day's poor crop of bowlers quite quickly in most matches, thereby providing better entertainment for the crowds. It would pull in more people and goodness knows, cricket needs a new lease of life. Athletics have taken over as the most popular summer sport."

## ATHLETICS

One figure missing from the Inter-Services Athletic Championships at Aldershot was Capt. Audrey Williamson. This VRC officer has dominated Women's Services running for the past nine years during which she has won two dozen Army and Inter-Services titles as 100 yards, 220 yards and in the Long Jump. A record this which will never be equalled.

This year was the first time she has not competed since she first appeared as a competitor in 1944. Since then she has been

## New Zealand Teacher Bans Boxing At His School

Wellington, New Zealand. A New Zealand schoolmaster who regards boxing as an ignoble art of aggression has banned it at his school.

He is Mr G. J. McNaught, Headmaster of the New Plymouth Boys' High School. His staff and the school's Board of Governors support him in agreeing "with modern medical opinion that boxing is a harmful sport."

This is the second New Zealand high school to ban boxing. Last year, Mr A. E. Lock, Headmaster of Rongitoto College, Wellington, created a precedent by declaring boxing dangerous and forbidding it at his school.

His action provoked a controversy. But Mr McNaught's criticism of the sport raised barely a murmur. Boxing cannot really be called the art of self-defence, he said in a report to the school's Governors. It is fighting and the main intention is to hurt one's opponent.

## OVERRATED

He and his staff, he said, wanted boxing banned "because its virtues as a character-builder are much overrated and in some boys it inculcates and brings out bad features such as showmanship and cockiness. The general opinion is that boxing can be harmful and is probably more harmful than we realise."

In many New Zealand high schools, boxing training and a Championship tournament are still important activities in the sports curriculum. Most headmasters questioned on the subject have said that they have no objection to boxing in the school as long as it is well conducted and carefully controlled.—China Mail Special.

## Famous Sports Stars I Have Met

Douglas Jardine

By ARCHIE QUICK

He was dressed correctly for stockbroking as he climbed for a taxi at Victoria Station, London. The rightly shaped bowler hat, black coat, striped trousers, grey waistcoat, glossy shoes, white shirt and collar and silver grey knotted tie, set off with the inevitable rolled umbrella.

Dashing to his City office, you would have said, "You would have been wrong. Douglas Jardine, most shrewd, most successful, most relentless of England's modern cricket captains, was crossing London to King's Cross Station on his way to the Leeds Test Match."

It was typical that he should be so attired, for he took the same correctness, same immaculacy, same aloofness on to the field with him when he was the dreaded "Hammer" of the Australians.

Jardine was Eton, Oxford University, Surrey and England—the orthodox schooling—but there was nothing tender about the man in the Herringbone cap when he led his eleven against "the Enemy from Down Under," although there was never anything unsporting about it. He was the one skipper who played to win and who played the Australians at their own cold, impersonal, implacable game.

## IMPEVIOUS

How the Hillites at Sydney detected him for his gamekeeping, and how they hooted and derided him as he fielded on their boundaries. It was so much wasted effort, for "D.R." was impervious to it all. He just went on directing the "bodyline" campaign.

Harold Larwood, Bill Voce and "Gubby" Allen, as the spearheads and England won four of the five Tests.

Jardine has said to me since: "I got all the blame for it, and in a lesser degree Larwood and Voce had to face it. But the villain of the piece was 'Plum' (now Sir Pelham) Warner. He set down at Lord's, thought the whole thing out as an antidote to Woodfull, Ponsford, McCabe, Bradman, Richardson, Kippax and Fingleton, and then devised its operation. We poor cricketers were only the instruments, but we took the brunt of the blame from the Aussies."

The result was that in eight innings Bradman got only 380 runs, and in two innings more each McCabe, Woodfull and Richardson totalled only 100 runs between them. "They were heckle days," reflects Douglas, "but there was nothing illegal or unfair about 'bodyline' as it was so wrongly called. Larwood's accuracy was the crux of the whole thing, and as for bowling at the body he hit the stumps sixteen times in his series total of 33 wickets. That average shows he was bowling at the stumps."

D. R. Jardine is now 54 years old. He made 25 first-class centuries and still holds, with Walter Hammond, the highest wicket record for a Test match against Australia—262 at Adelaide Oval in February 1929.

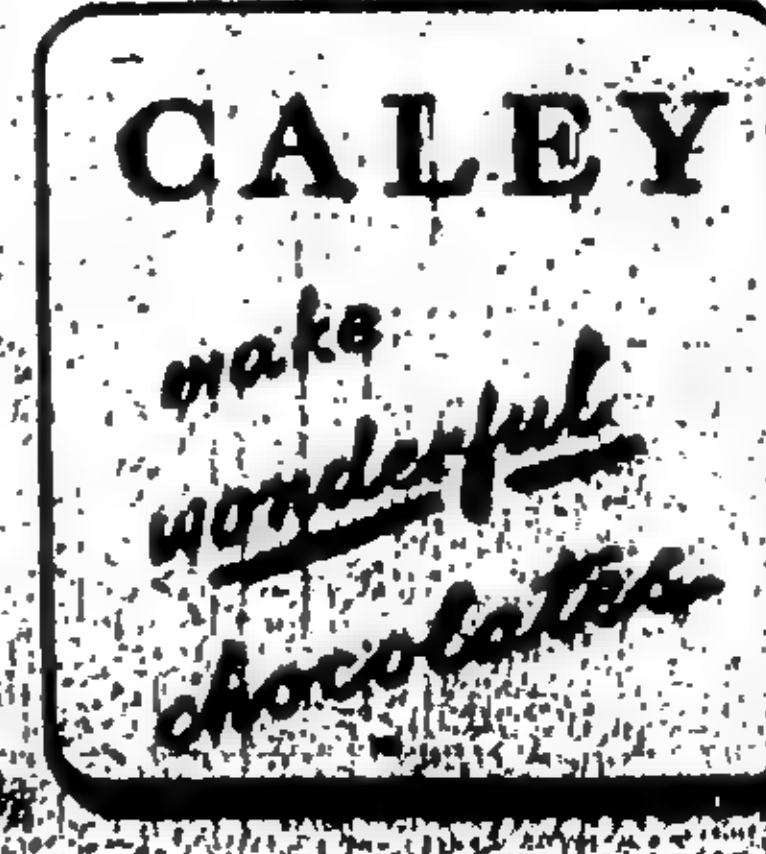
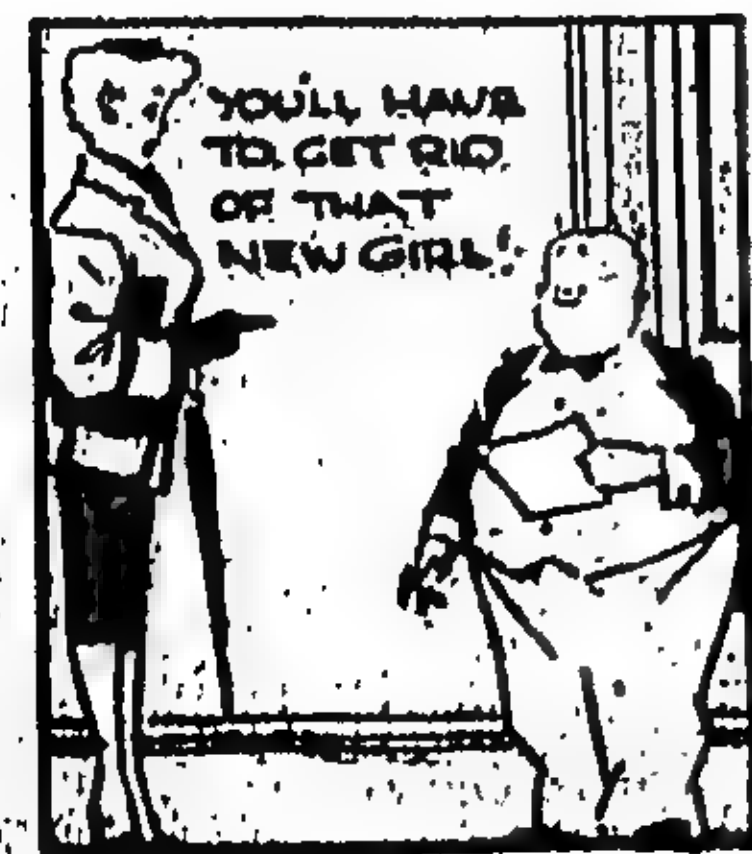
## RACECOURSE BETTING Certain To Reach All-Time Record

Wellington, New Zealand. New Zealand's racecourse betting bill is certain to reach an all-time record total of probably more than £20,000,000 sterling this year.

With two months of the racing year to go, the amount handled by racecourse totalisators from on and off course betting, to the end of May totalled more than £22,000,000 sterling—an increase of more than £1,000,000 sterling on last year's figure for the period.

The figures, produced by the New Zealand Racing Conference, are for 140 race meetings held in New Zealand from the beginning of the racing year, August 1, 1954, to the end of May this year. The year's total wicket record for a Test match against Australia—262 at Adelaide Oval in February 1929.

## POP



CALEY

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# A TEST TEAM SHOULD BE PICKED FOR THE PRESENT RATHER THAN THE FUTURE

Says BRUCE DOOLAND

I have news for you from Australia. My old cricketing friends over there are chuckling their heads off.

Why? Because they fully intend to take those Ashes back home next year and they see hope for themselves in the troubles the British selectors are having with their England team.

In England's inability to find the right batting talent to provide a consistent opening pair and to build up consistently high scores, they see England's real weakness—and their own chance for a handsome triumph in 1956.

Australia will have this triumph unless something is done quickly. Look back over the Tests of the last few years, and you will see England's batsmen scored very many runs. Since C. J. Washbrook stepped down from the position of opening partner with Hutton, there just hasn't been a consistent replacement.

Add to that the fact that maestro Len Hutton himself is now on the sick list, and you realize that England now needs two new opening batsmen. Whatever Peter May can do with the team given him for the Leach test, I can tell you that he won't find an opening partnership good enough to serve England next year against the Australians.

**TAKE RISKS NOW**  
The selectors are making a grand mess of it. Of course a Test team should be picked for the present rather than the future, but the England selectors are doing neither. They are not providing a good team to beat the Spring tour. Nor are they playing a good long-term policy for the future. No wonder my Australian cobbles are rubbing their hands in glee.

To trust new talent demands courage, especially young talent. But it is better to take risks now against the South Africans than against the Aussies who will be flat out for the kill next year. And what about the West Indies the year after? How to beat them must

## YORKSHIRE PLEASED

Another good opening batsman still around is Derbyshire's Yorkshire-born Arnold Brown. He plays most of his innings on the lively Derbyshire wickets but he still scores steadily in a side not over-blessed with good batsmen. He isn't a flashy player; he is solid, sound, safe. But he has tremendous power when he wants to cut loose and he can make shots to most parts of the ground whenever he feels like it.

## STATE OF INJURIES

Many people have been asking me to explain the incredible state of injuries to the England side just now. Most of it is just bad luck. I had the same bad luck last week-end when I went for a catch—and let the ball make an inch-long spill between the little and third fingers of my right hand.

But there are other causes. We have just seen two of the liveliest Test wickets in years and the South African bowlers, Neil Adcock and Peter Helme are by no means slow. They are the men responsible for the extraordinary number of finger injuries. Tyson, too, did the same damage, but to one of his own side, wicket-keeper Evans. Tyson's own twisted ankle seems to have a measure of poetic justice in it.

But so much has been made of England's injuries that nothing has been said of the South Africans. They tell me that that plucky little chap Jackie McGlew was black and blue from his knee to his shoulder after his last innings against Tyson at Manchester. Of all the characters I have met in cricket McGlew and Bill Edrich are the toughest. Neither ever admits he has been hurt. When McGlew took one from Tyson full in the ribs, he still refused even to rub it—in case Tyson felt encouraged.

**COACHING HINT**  
For a bowler, the run-up to the wicket is a vital indication of his quality. He should be able to carry this run out blindfolded. He should have it so neatly tied up that he needn't concentrate on it at all but be able to think entirely about the spot on the pitch at the other end where he intends to land the ball.

A good run-up should be long enough to obtain maximum bounce and momentum at the time of delivery. Yet it should be as short as possible to conserve energy. If you are a bowler, get your run-up right.

## CONGRATULATIONS FROM MOTHER AND WIFE



Donald Campbell's mother (left) and his wife (right) drink a toast to his new world mark after he had beaten the world water speed record at Lake Ullswater last Sunday in his turbo-jet boat, Bluebird, averaging 202.32 miles an hour in two runs across a measured kilometre.—Agence France-Press Photo.

## HEADLINE SPORTSMAN

# Eddie Firmani Can Score Goals And Prevent Them With Equal Efficiency

From a "semi-detached" in London South East to a luxury flat in Genoa's Millionaires Row; from a maximum £15 a week to a cool £150 each pay day, with liberal bonuses thrown in.

Such is the luck of Eddie Firmani, 22-year-old South African inside forward transferred last week from English Cinderella Club Charlton Athletic to money spinning Italian club Sampdoria for £35,000, a record fee in British football.

Playing on the Riviera instead of at the Valley, noted for the homely atmosphere rather than postcard surroundings will not cost him £3,500 a year for Firmani. And all because of Grand Pop! Italian football rules state that no club may sign more than one player from a foreign club unless that player is of Italian descent. And Grand-dad Firmani was an Italian. What man is this who can step out of British football, away from an ordinary English club to a life of luxury as a lira millionaire away from his small suburban home to a flat with marble halls, mosaic bathrooms and a sunny balcony overlooking the blue Mediterranean?

**EQUAL EFFICIENCY**  
Firmani can score goals and prevent them with equal

efficiency. Last season he was one of the top scorers in the English League—despite being absent through injury for a number of matches. Play him at full back, as Charlton have done quite frequently in the past, and he is one of the finest defenders in the business.

Yes, this Firmani is a useful man to have around. He started his football as a schoolboy centre forward in his Capetown suburb. That was where he and inside forward Stuart Leary were spotted by Charlton chief Jimmy Seed.

The shrewd Mr Seed arranged for both to come to England and the Valley as soon as their school days were over. Firmani was converted into a full back, Leary to centre forward.

Last season, apart from occasional appearances at full back, when Eddie was needed to bolster up a sagging defence, Firmani was at inside left with Leary in the other inside position.

It was confidently expected in many quarters that Firmani would be chosen for one of the "Young England" intermediate internationals. Leary played against Italy the previous year. But the FA apparently sticking to their recent policy of by-passing South Africans—even though there is no official ban—ignored his claims.

**JUSTIFIABLY UPSET**  
Firmani was justifiably upset. "Why," he asked, "am I able to serve England as a National Service airman, and yet not able to serve England at football?" His wife, Patricia, 23-year-old daughter of Charlton's Assistant-Manager George Robinson, is English, and his six-month old son Paul was born in England.

Italian football bosses became interested in this young forward with the goal-magic. They watched him in League matches. Then the fight for his signature started.

Sampdoria won, and so Eddie is in the big money. He will get a £30 bonus for each win, up to £80 for the most important games; £10 bonus for a home draw, £15 for an away draw.

It is ironic that this transfer should bring a record fee to Charlton Athletic the club which never buys big. "But in many ways it is a smack in the eye to British football."

Only a few weeks before Eddie decided to take the plunge, Charlton and England trainer Jimmy Trotter said: "There isn't the incentive to reach the top in British football. Wages haven't risen with the cost of living. Before the war almost every top class player ran his own car. Now few can afford such a luxury."

Where do Italian clubs get all the money from? Higher admission charges. The cheap seats cost five shillings, the best cost £10. When the Firmani's move into one of the luxury flats offered them—"I'll let the wife do the choosing"—Eddie will say a word of thanks to Grand-dad, without whom all this would not have been possible.

## Frilled Panties Raise Basketball Attendance

Sydney. Frilled panties on the Wimbledon pattern, worn by women basketball players at Bathurst, sent up attendances of male spectators.

But they brought down the official wrath of the women's basketball controlling body which banned the wearing of anything other than "regulation" type under tunics.—China Mail Special.

## Harry Storer, Iron Man Of Soccer, Knows What He Wants And Gets It

The indignity of Third Division football is upon famous Derby County for the first time, and the man they have engaged to restore them to their former greatness is Mr Harry Storer. They could hardly have made a better or more shrewd choice, for Mr Storer is a man who knows what he wants and generally gets it.

Harry is the Iron Man of Soccer. He manages in the same uncompromising manner as Wilf Coppington used to play. He was a success as manager of Coventry City and Birmingham City; there is no reason why he should not be equally successful with the club for whom he once played.

As a player Harry was of the era of Jackie Whitehouse, Bert Olney, Sid Plackett, Harry Thorn—and they were stern opponents, as the great Frank Barson will always testify. Storer got two England "caps"—against France in 1924 and Ireland in 1928—and he also played cricket for Derbyshire.

On the walls of the Derby County Boardroom are photographs of all the players who have won international honours while with the club. It is an awe-inspiring collection and I guarantee that Storer, Third Division or no Third Division, is determined to add to it. He will bring a relentless regime to the Baseball Ground but it will be a fair one.

Harry's slogan to the players has always been: "I will always do the best for your welfare; in return I expect you to be 100% fit to play 90 minutes all out every match." He did it himself when he was playing; he looks to it from others under his control.

Storer is a grand "reader" of a game who can pick out the weaknesses and strengths of

## THE GAMBOLS



## Answers To Sports Quiz

1. Brian Hewson.
2. The British Grand Prix.
3. The King George VI and Queen Elizabeth Stakes at Ascot won by the French horse Vimy.
4. Wes Santee, the others have run a mile in under four minutes.
5. 1925.
6. Originally three defenders had to be between a forward and the goal before he was on side. The 1925 alteration changed it to two.
7. The LBW rule was widened to include deliveries pitched on the off-side of the striker's wicket.
8. (a) Rugby Union. (b) Cricket. (c) Motor and Motorcycle racing. (d) Cycling.
9. Vladimir Kuc of Russia with time of 13 min. 20.4 secs.
10. One, Frank Sedgman in 1952.

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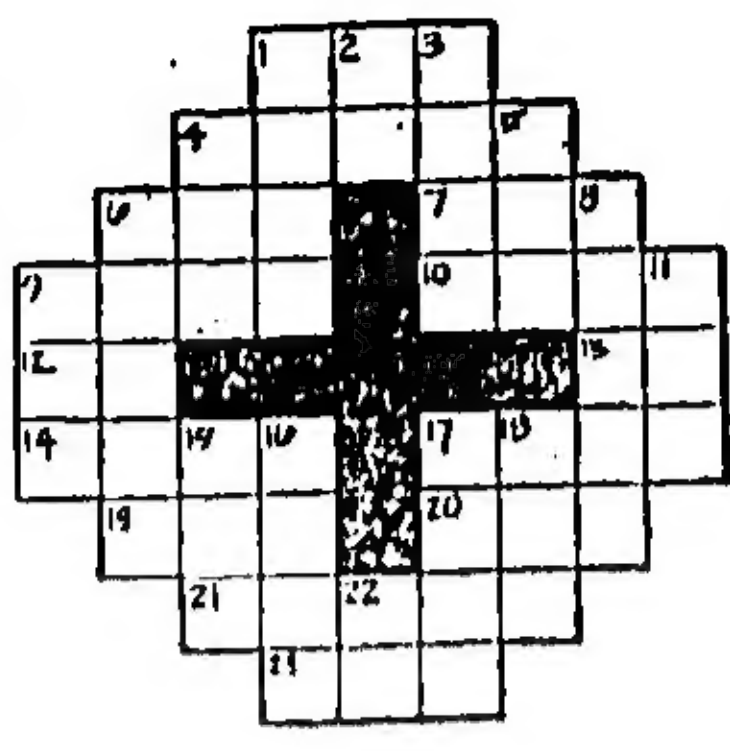
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# FEATURES FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

## YOUR PUZZLE CORNER

### CROSSWORD



### ACROSS

1. Inquire
4. Estate house
6. Ward
7. Fibre knots
8. Tardy
10. Rednet
12. Proposition
13. Negative reply
14. Denote
17. Minus
19. Father
20. Legal point
21. Birds' homes
23. Numbers (ab.)

### DOWN

1. Created
2. Article
3. Finished
4. Witticism
5. Colour
6. Swift
8. Fir trees
9. Drug along
11. Fox
13. Motorist's truck
16. Paradise
17. Crafts
18. Footlike part
22. Thus

### ADD-A-GRAMS

Add a letter to "a body of water" and scramble for "social event"; add another letter and scramble for "poker stakes"; repeat for "to hurry" and finally for "to punish."

### TRIANGLE

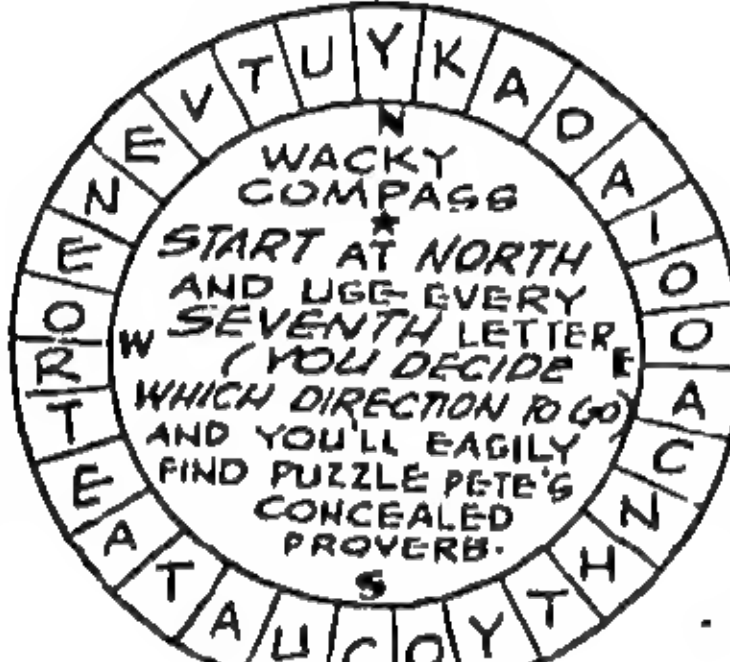
The Puzzlemaster has based this week's triangle on a DREAMER. The second word is "a suffix," and the third word is "a girl's name." With "a body of water" and sixth "landed property." Can you complete the triangle?

### DREAMER

### BEHEADINGS

Behead "a graph" and have "a red deer"; behead this and have "craft"; again and have an abbreviation for "right."

### WACKY COMPASS



(Solutions on Page 20)

## A Graceful Design

PIERRE GANDON is a Frenchman with very definite views about stamps. He likes them to reflect the grace and charm for which his country is famous.

And the views of Pierre carry considerable weight with the French postal authorities because he is one of their top stamp designers.

Here you see the 100th stamp he has designed. It is one of a series honouring France's luxury industries—in this case glass-making (garnier). For Pierre, this graceful design was a family affair. He used his 16-year-old daughter Marie to model the shapely arm, shoulder and back against which the glove is displayed. But he made up the face and head to look like any fashionable woman.

Said Marie: "My school friends will laugh at me. I haven't got an evening dress or long gloves like that."

The stamp is perforated 13; recess-printed and costs 11d. in London.—J.A.A.

## J. Fred Muggs As The Model Chimp



"My hairline isn't receding that much!"

When sculptor John Lacey undertook to make a mahogany wood bust of J. Fred Muggs, prominent TV personality, he didn't realise what he was getting into. J. Fred was a picture of determined co-operation at first. But soon he began to dabble in art himself and kept scrambling over to offer Mr. Lacey advice, examine his tools, criticize, admire—in short, to be anything but the perfect model.

As work progressed, so did Muggs' exhaustion and boredom—to the point of collapse. In the end, however, art triumphed and Muggs happily mounted and sat astride his "other head."



"Life can be grim...."



"...and very monotonous."



"But maybe two heads are better than one, after all."

## Broken Bits Make New Items

NEXT time you break a pretty dish or an ash tray, don't throw away the pieces. Instead, put them away in a special box and start adding other "odderies" to them, such as attractive odd buttons, good-looking stones from the back yard or bench, and single earrings that have lost their mates.

Once you have a large enough collection, you have the material on hand for making many pretty things, such as "different" vases, lamp bases, or candlesticks.

First, prepare the "junk" by breaking large pieces of china or glassware into smaller ones. This can be done by wrapping each in a few thick-



OVER JAR WITH PUTTY, THEN PRESS IN PRETTY BUTTONS OR BITS OF GLASS.

nesses of soft cloth, then pressing down on it with the heel of your hand, or a heavy book.

Then, using a piece of coarse sandpaper, file away all the rough edges. Remove the metal shanks and clips on the backs of earrings, buttons and the like. Then pick over your lot, discarding all the bits that haven't extremely bright

## GAME WITH WORDS

Y is buried in each of the 18 words defined below, and it is the only vowel used.

Get these words from the meanings given. Of course they are all one-syllable words, since every syllable must contain at least one vowel.

The first answer is MYTH. Others not defined are BY and CRY.

1. Legend
2. To soar through the air
3. The empyrean
4. A sacred song
5. Bnshful
6. Woodland dryad
7. A form of speaking
8. To swindle or cheat
9. Regular movement or accent
10. A wild animal of the cat family
11. In Greek myths, a river of the lower world
12. Underground room or vault
13. Lively
14. Spirit of the air
15. To poke into
16. To kill unlawfully (by a mob)
17. One of the presents the Three Wise Men brought
18. Colourless liquid in our bodies.

(Answers on Page 20)

## Rupert & the Distant Music—24



The problem seems very simple to Rupert. "I expect your daddy knows what 'off' is," he says. "Why don't you take that pipe back to him and ask him to set us free?" "I simply, daren't," says Tom, desperately. "I'd no business to borrow the pipe. He'd be terribly angry."



The other little friends from Nodwood have shared Rupert's surprise at seeing the boy. Hearing his words they sink down despondently. "This is hopeless," Podge moans. "We shall never get away."

## The Robin's Mistake

—He Thought Knarf's Leg Was a Nice Fat Worm—

By MAX TRELL

KNARF, the shadow-boy with the turned-about name, came into the room where his sister Hanid was sitting and doing some sewing. She noticed at once that something wasn't just the way it always was.

### Something Is Wrong

"You've hurt your foot," she said. "Oh dear! What did you do to your foot? You're limping, Knarf!"

"A robin did it," said Knarf. "What? A robin?" exclaimed Hanid. This sounded too ridiculous to believe. She decided to know the whole story, from beginning to end. But before Knarf consented to tell his story he made Hanid promise not to be angry at the robin.

"Very well," said Hanid. "I promise."

Knarf now sat himself down, then he began.

"It was warm and sunny. After I left you at lunchtime I went out into the garden and stretched myself out under a dandelion to take a little doze. 'You must have made yourself small,' said Hanid, 'to have been able to stretch yourself out under a dandelion.' Knarf replied that that was right. 'Well,' he continued, 'I was almost asleep when I heard someone making a rustling noise right close to where I was lying. I had covered my face and shoulders with a large maple leaf to keep the sun off. Only my legs were sticking out.

### Knarf Poked Out

When I heard the rustling I opened one eye and peeked out from under the leaf. And what did I see? I saw a robin. All at once the robin spied one of my legs sticking out from under the leaf. Then he started yelling at the top of his lungs: 'A worm! A worm!'

"My goodness!" gasped Hanid. "What did he do?" "What did he do? I'll tell you what he did. He darted forward and grabbed my leg in his beak! It pinched. It hurt. I shouted: 'Let go of my leg, you silly old robin! I'm not a worm! Then I wriggled," said Knarf. "I tried to pull my leg out of



"A worm! A worm!" the robin yelled.

that hungry robin's mouth! But he held on! I pulled one way, he pulled the other! It was good thing that a sparrow came along just then. She was a very wise little sparrow.

"Here, let go of that boy's leg," the sparrow told the robin. "He's not a worm at all!"

"And did the robin finally let go of your leg?" Hanid asked her brother.

### Not to Blame

"Yes, he finally did. But he wasn't very eager to do it. He still thought that I was fooling him. He still thought that I was some sort of little bug that he would enjoy eating. But the sparrow told him over and over again that he was wrong. So he flew off. Then I thanked the sparrow kindly and limped all the way home."

"He certainly was a silly old robin," said Hanid. "Perhaps so," said Knarf to his sister. "But you promised not to be angry at him. After all, he was hungry. And I suppose that my foot and my leg did look like a worm. So I really don't blame him much at all."

"Neither do I," said Hanid. "In fact, I feel sorry for him. You ought to know what I think we ought to do. We ought to find two fat worms. We ought to give one to the hungry robin and the other one to the clever little sparrow!"

"Right!" said Knarf. Then he and Hanid went right out to dig the small pink.



"I've got some people here I'd like you folks to meet. I'll send them over to your place."

## YOUR BIRTHDAY... By STELLA

SATURDAY, JULY 30

BORN today, you have definitely a touch of genius in your makeup, but it rests upon you to develop it so that it becomes activated in a manner which will bring you success. You have talents in a number of fields but you must select that one thing which interests you most, and concentrate on it to the exclusion of all else if you are to reach the heights to which you are entitled. It is possible that you may develop a little more slowly than some others, but once you have achieved your success it is likely to outlive that of many of your contemporaries.

You are fond of literature, poetry, in particular; music; philosophy and science. You are highly adaptable and know how to adjust yourself to changing situations with a great deal of ease. You have a good head for business and are often impelled to "take chances" where others would consider there was no chance for success. This feeling for experimentation and speculative inventiveness may bring you success, where others, in similar fields have previously failed. Some will call it "good luck"—but your acquaintances know how you work hard and how you strive to get the full co-operation of those who work with you.

Members of your own family are important to you and you will find your greatest happiness within your own home circle. Although you may be something of a stern disciplinarian, your love and devotion to all your kin make the pill of absolute obedience an easy one for them to swallow.

Among those born on this date are: Walter Hampden, actor; Henry Ford, inventor; Robert Burdette, William T. Adams and Emily Bronte, authors; George W. Melville, explorer; Elmer R. Reynolds, ethnologist; and James E. Kelly, noted engraver.

To find what the stars have in store for you tomorrow, select your birthday star and read the corresponding paragraph. Let your birthday star be your daily guide.

SUNDAY, JULY 31

LEO (July 24-Aug. 23)—The weatherman might be capricious, but otherwise this should be a pleasant last day of a jolly week-end.

VIRGO (Aug. 24-Sept. 23)—Complete plans made yesterday to your complete satisfaction. One of your best days this month.

LIBRA (Sept. 24-Oct. 23)—All your prospects should be good today. Don't overlook the opportunity if it comes your way.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24-Nov. 22)—If you find it necessary to make an out-of-town visit be sure to make plans well ahead of the time you start.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23-Dec. 22)—This is the time to make new friends, especially if on vacation. An outgoing personality always helps.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 23-Jan. 20)—Follow through with all that you had planned. This should be the second of two fine days for your efforts.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 21-Feb. 19)—Don't make too many plans for a heavy schedule of entertaining. This should be a day of rest for you.

PISCES (Feb. 20-Mar. 20)—If driving in heavy traffic, use a little more care than usual. Sunday driving can be hazardous.

ARIES (Mar. 21-Apr. 20)—Reading the mind and spirit is quite as important as resting the body. Church attendance might help.

TAURUS (Apr. 21-May 21)—The stars say that you should be able to enjoy yourself today, whether at home or away.

GEMINI (May 22-June 21)—Might be a good idea to get an early start for home if you have been away visiting. Roads will be crowded.

CANCER (June 22-July 23)—The month is ending on a happy note and you are yours. Give thanks for all favours received.

BORN today, you are a restless wanderer on this earth! You are always hunting for the perfection which is just around the next corner; the pot of gold at the end of the next street; the crown, high in the clouds, hovering over the mountain, just out of sight. You are the idealist who never seems able to reach his goal—the visionary who is a dreamer par excellence! Unless you can learn to be a little more practical in the application of your inventive genius, you are probably doomed to a great deal of disappointment in life.

Yet, since you are a born leader of men in the realm of ideas, it may be that you can find just the right partner who can implement your ideas in some practical fashion and bring both of you to an outstanding success in material gains and in lasting fame. Although your mind is intuitive, rather than logical, you are very apt to be exactly right in your judgment of affairs—if only you will act on your decision at once. But you do not always trust your hunches and wait for more mature decisions. This is wrong, in your case, for as a rule your "hunches" are usually more accurate.

You are fond of travelling and will probably visit most of the far places on this earth during your lifetime. Music is probably your favourite means of thorough relaxation. Attractive to members of the opposite sex, your emotions are deep and loyal. Be careful in your selection of a life partner for, with you, once you have made a selection, you are committed.

Among those born on this date are: John Ericsson, inventor; Paul de Guitte, Conservative; James Kant, statesman; William D. Williamson, early governor of Maine; Abram S. Hewitt, early N. Y. mayor; and Edward H. Kendall, architect.

To find what the stars have in store for you tomorrow, select your birthday star and read the corresponding paragraph. Let your birthday star be your daily guide.

MONDAY, AUGUST 1

LEO (July 24-Aug. 23)—This can be a fine month for you if you are alert to all new opportunities and act wisely on them at once.

VIRGO (Aug. 24-Sept. 23)—Be careful how you plan to expand your business interests; just now. Consult an expert, first.

LIBRA (Sept. 24-Oct. 23)—Not a good idea to dive off the deep end. Conservative action is much the best policy, just now.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24-Nov. 22)—If invited to join friends in a social event plan to do so. You would probably enjoy yourself thoroughly.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23-Dec. 22)—Don't rely on memory alone if you have important details to remember. Make careful notes.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 23-Jan. 20)—Perhaps you will be offered a new contract to sign. Consider every angle carefully. Read all the small print.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 21-Feb. 19)—Sometimes social obligations are highly important. Pay a duty call. You will discover that being friendly pays.

PISCES (Feb. 20-Mar. 20)—You can make important advances on the job if you pay close attention to the most minute detail at this time.

ARIES (Mar. 21-Apr. 20)—A chance to show happiness to someone you love may come to you at this time. Be sure you don't miss out.

TAURUS (Apr. 21-May 21)—Stick to the straight and narrow today. You may be tempted to cut corners for the sake of more speed, but don't do it!

GEMINI (May 22-June 21)—Extravagance is definitely not the best policy for you. Adhere to your budget carefully and play it safe.

CANCER (June 22-July 23)—An inspiration as to how to simplify some routine work may prove a very helpful idea. Indeed, follow it.

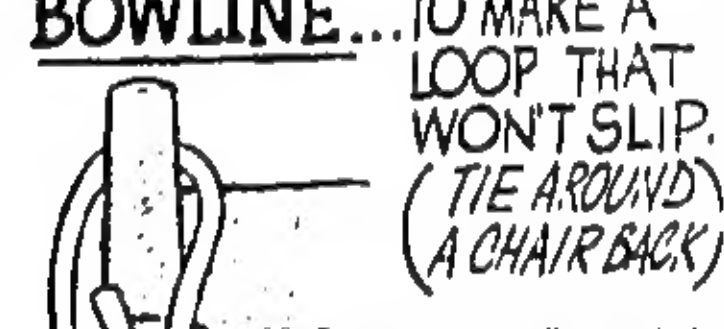
## HOW TO TIE KNOTS

### SQUARE KNOT

USE TO JOIN 2 PIECES OF STRING OR ROPE.



### BOWLINE...TO MAKE A LOOP THAT WON'T SLIP.

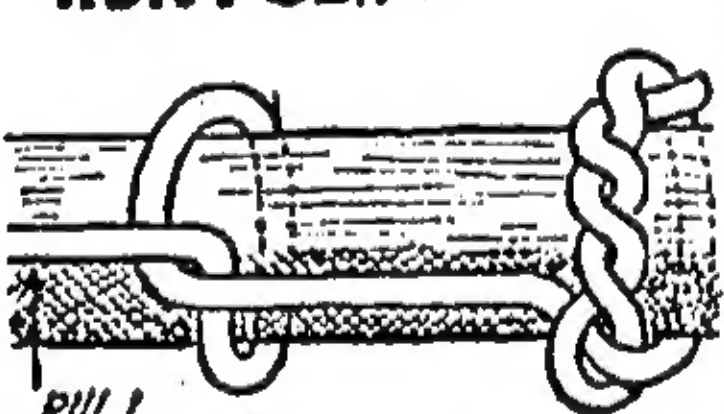


### SLIP KNOT



### TIMBER HITCH

TO PULL A LOG OR POST, TIE THIS KNOT. THAT WON'T SLIP.



### MILLER'S KNOT

TO TIE A HAMMOCK TO TREE.

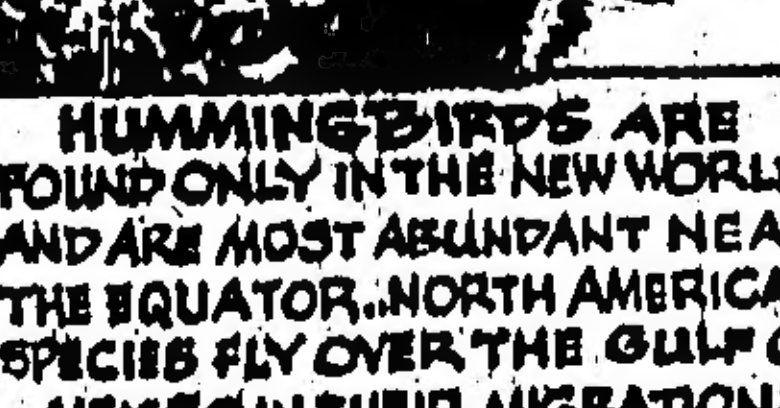


## FOOLS WHO



BATS ARE MAMMALS, NOT BIRDS, AND HAVE FUR AS WELL AS WELL-DEVELOPED TEETH.

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## JACOBY ON BRIDGE

This Bridge Play Is  
Worth Studying

By OSWALD JACOBY

**S**OUTH won the opening club lead in his own hand in order to try the trump finesse when today's hand was played. Much to his delight, the jack of hearts won the second trick. South's delight changed when he led a second trump. West discarded a diamond, and it became evident that East had artfully refused the first trump trick.

Declarer went up with dummy's ace of trumps and wondered how he could get to his hand often enough to ruff both of his low spades in dummy. He hopefully led a low diamond from dummy, but East held the trick with the nine of diamonds and cashed the king of hearts. Now dummy had only one trump, and South eventually had to lose a spade trick, losing altogether one trick in each suit.

South was in too much of a hurry to take the trump finesse.

NORTH (D) 27	
73	62
AQ76	K42
10763	KJ9
A103	AQJ98
EAST	
AQ104	872
3	3
AQ842	872
872	872
SOUTH	
AQ85	3
J10895	3
3	3
K43	3

North-South Vul.			
North	East	South	West
Pass	Pass	1♥	Pass
3♥	Pass	4♥	Pass
Pass	Pass	Pass	Pass

Opening lead—8

He should have provided for his spade ruffs before doing anything else.

The correct line of play is to win the first trick with dummy's ace of clubs, cash two top spades, and ruff a spade in dummy. South doesn't worry about an overruff, since West cannot overruff the dummy. If East overruffs, he has to see the king in which case the trump finesse was going to fail anyway.

When the spade ruff gets by, South gets to his hand with the king of clubs, saved for this purpose. Now he ruffs his remaining low spade, assuring the contract. If East fails to overruff the dummy at this time, declarer can even get to his hand later on with a diamond ruff in order to try the heart finesse.

It will lose, as the cards lie, but the point is that South doesn't give up the chance of taking the trump finesse merely because he first takes care of his spade losers.

## VECARD Series

Q—The bidding has been:  
South West North East  
1 Spade Pass 2 Clubs Pass  
2 Diamonds Pass 2 Spades Pass

You, South, hold:  
AKQ742 ♥ 5 ♦ A J 6 3 AQJ8  
What do you do?  
A—Bid three spades. Although you have only a minimum bid in high cards, the partnership hands seem to fit well. You have support for clubs, and the shortness in hearts gives you time to develop your tricks if partner has a good enough hand to accept this game invitation.

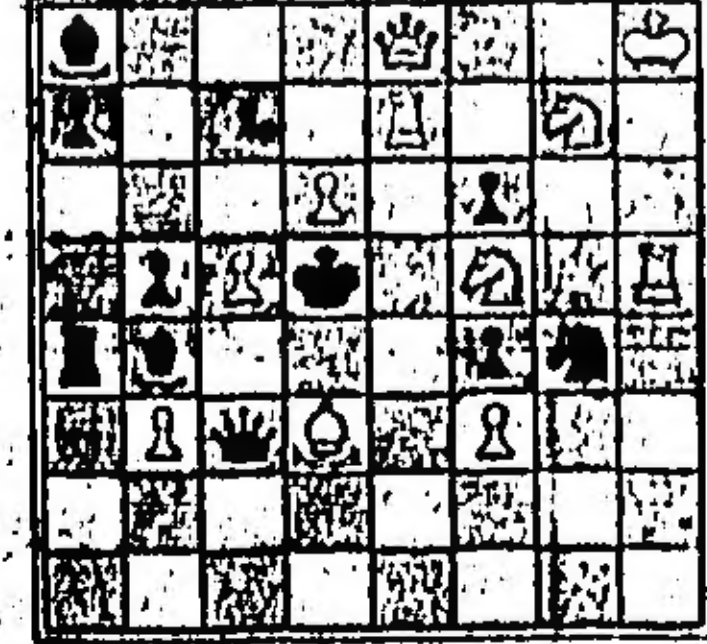
**TODAY'S QUESTION.**  
The bidding is the same as in the question just answered. You, South, hold:  
AKQ42 ♥ 5 ♦ A J 6 3 AS5  
What do you do?

Answer on Monday

## CHESS PROBLEM

By O. STOCCHI

Black, 10 pieces.



White, 11 pieces.

White to play; mate in two.

Solution to Yesterday's problem:

1. P-B3, 1... P-R3; 2. K-QB4, 1... PXP; 2. PXP.

# Would YOU drive in a safety belt?

A NEW IDEA GATHERS FORCE

by BASIL CARDEW



**Y**OU take your seat in the car. You throw the belt across your middle, clip it into place: that's all.

But WOULD you? Would you wear a safety belt in the car as you drive? I ask the question because safety belts are about to be offered as optional equipment by more than one British car maker; because I want every motorist in Britain to think quite seriously about them; and because I would—and will—wear a safety belt.

What converted me was the story of Francis Kocinski.

## Saved him

HE is a motorist in America, and one morning he dozed at the wheel for a split second. His car jumped the curb and hit a telephone pole. He was killed. Lying at 30 miles an hour, but the impact pushed the pole and its concrete base into the car. His car was a twisted heap of metal.

Kocinski's only injuries were a chipped tooth and a cut tongue—where he hit the steering wheel. He climbed from the wreck and told astonished police that a safety belt had saved his life.

When the car smashed into the pole, the webbing strap which he had fixed to his seat, withstanding a pull of a ton or more, had

held him firmly and safely in his seat. He had seen a newsworld of racing car drivers crawling out of crashed cars, grinning. They had all been wearing safety belts.

I recall that... and I then learned that... THAT in America no driver is allowed to compete in a race or rally without a belt.

THAT safety councils in the US are campaigning for the country's 40,000,000 cars to have 40,000,000 belts—they think it would cut road deaths by 50 per cent.

THAT already the leading makers offer belts in various shades to match the fabric of the family sedan. Women drivers are choosing colours which will tone with their summer frocks. Salesmen include them as the first "necessary" on their showroom lists.

THAT the straps are easy to fasten, comfortable, act as a psychological check on drivers, reduce fatigue by holding your posture.

THAT an American College of Surgeons' analysis of 1,000 random road accidents revealed that nearly everyone hurt was thrown—either through the door or through the windscreen.

AND I remembered that in this year's International Monte Carlo Rally—one of the toughest 2,000-mile tests of the year—many experienced drivers used safety belts—and praised them.

So—I made a 2,000-mile test of a safety belt in a car trip through France, Switzerland, and Italy, on fast, straight roads and on the new bends of the Alps.

(Admittedly, I had double straps—one round my middle and two round my shoulders.)

## Helped me

THIS is what I found and what I proved:—

1 The belts held me and my passengers firm and avoided the possible head-bucking on the roof or on the windscreen, or of being thrown violently on the shoulders of the passengers in front.

2 In the driving seat the belts held me off lurching over the steering column. By keeping me firmly in the seat the straps allowed me freer operation of the controls in emergency.

Now the at-you-were thinkers condemn car straps on two grounds. THEY SAY that in a crash the car occupant may not have the presence of mind to release himself immediately; and

THEY SAY that the strap is a sure way of seeing that the driver and passengers suffer the same crushed fate of the car.

These points I discard.

For more than a year safety belts have been a must for stock-car drivers. And these people frequently smash out three or four times and are involved in more head-on crashes than any other class of driver.

A simple quick-release buckle, so familiar to aircraft passengers, free the wearer in half a second. And I have not heard of one example of an airline passenger being trapped by his belt in the 15 years they have been internationally compulsory.

★ ★ ★

You would not dream of flying without a safety belt; I think you should ask yourself today whether you are safe to drive without a safety belt.

## Cecil Smith: Records

# I Salute Mr. B. Of Paris

**S**IDNEY BECHET, a 58-year-old clarinetist from New Orleans, living in France since the war, has done as much as any single musician to foster the enthusiasm for jazz which is sweeping over Paris.

Bechet is a Negro, a Creole—the French-African combination that accounts for much of the intellectual vivacity, as well as the rhythmic instinct, that went into classic New Orleans jazz. His mixed ancestry enables him to understand both Negro music and the French temperament. He has successfully shown some of the leading Parisian jazz men how to make music as it was made in New Orleans 40 years ago.

Bechet plays both clarinet and soprano saxophone with the French trumpeter Claude Luter and his band in a record of four pieces of Creole jazz. ("Souvenirs of New Orleans," Vogue EPV 1020.334, r.p.m.).

"Ce Moeu Qui Parle" (the title is Creole dialect) is perhaps the best. The banjo maintains the four-beat rhythm that came from the marches the Negro street bands used to play, and the Bechet clarinet and Luter cornet engage in friendly rivalry.

## THE HOT CLUB

**B**UT most French jazz musicians are unwilling merely to reproduce the New Orleans style. They are constantly trying to transform American jazz into something typically French.

Twenty years ago the now-discredited Quartet of the Hot Club of France invented some fascinating music—inspired from New Orleans jazz and New York swing, but far removed from both. ("Swing from Paris," Decca LF1139, 334, r.p.m.).

The group had no clarinet or saxophone or trumpet; there were a violin, a piano, and three guitars (one played by the fabulous Django Reinhardt, who had lost three fingers of his left hand). Their version of "Sweet Georgia Brown" has as much drive as a Dixieland performance, but its inclusive wit is purely Gallic.

## THE COOL JAZZ

**T**ODAY'S jazz groups in Paris have gone back to conventional instrumentation. But some of them have turned from "hot" music to modern "cool jazz," with Dave and Stravinsky, with a French twist.

An example of cool jazz is "New Sound at the Bechet sur le Toit," recorded at the famous night club. (Polygram: LG7003, 33-1/3 r.p.m.).

The skill of the ten men is prodigious, but they "throw the music away" by underplaying it. The best French exponents of jazz are abroad of the best English ones. I should say. They are not content to offer carbon copies of American styles. They are trying to find out what, as Frenchmen, they can say most effectively in their music.

## EVERETT LINES

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Ship	Att.	Aug.	Sails	Aug.
"RENEVERETT"	Sept. 7	—	Sept. 8	—
"NOREVERETT"	Sept. 27	—	Sept. 28	—
"BRODEVERETT"	Oct. 7	—	Oct. 10	—

Loading for Kobe, Osaka, Nagoya, Yokohama.

Ship	Att.	Aug.	Sails	Aug.
"RENEVERETT"	Aug. 10	—	Aug. 11	—
"NOREVERETT"	Aug. 30	—	Aug. 31	—
"BRODEVERETT"	Sept. 11	—	Sept. 12	—
"LENEVERETT"	Sept. 23	—	Sept. 24	—

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"STAR ARCTURUS"	Sept. 8	—	Sept. 9	—
"STAR ALCYONE"	Sept. 23	—	Sept. 24	—
"LAO"	Oct. 17	—	Oct. 18	—
	Nov. 6	—	Nov. 7	—

Loading for Kobe, Osaka, Nagoya, Yokohama.

Ship	Att.	Aug.	Sails	Aug.
"STAR ARCTURUS"	Aug. 12	—	Aug. 13	—
"THAI"	Aug. 29	—	Aug. 30	—
"STAR ALCYONE"	Sept. 22	—	Sept. 23	—
"LAO"	Oct. 11	—	Oct. 12	—
"STAR BEELEGRUSE"	Oct. 31	—	Nov. 1	—

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# CHINA MAIL

**SHEAFFERS**  
**Skrip**

Page 20 SATURDAY, JULY 30, 1955.

## JOHN CLARKE'S CASEBOOK

### Down The Strand

THERE are many who go to great pains to cater for tired businessmen. There are theatres that open in the middle of the morning to jolt the sleep from their eyes, and clubs that stay open all night to brighten them up after the heavy labours of the day. After newly born babies, probably no section of the community is better catered-for.

The untired businessmen, contrarily, the community at large has little time, and less sympathy. There are times, indeed, when their vast energy may lead them into peril, as the case of Humphrey demonstrates.

#### BRISTLING

HUMPHREY strode into the dock at Bow Street the other morning with the air of a man who would consider himself to be slipping, if he put less than 90 minutes work into every hour of a 20-hour working day.

A brisk man, but also, upon this morning, a man who was clearly bristling. For Humphrey wore, as well as an impeccable business-suit, and executive-weight horn-rimmed glasses, the look of one whose sensibilities have suffered outrageous affront.

"You are charged with being found drunk in the morning, in the early hours of this morning," the learned clerk said to him. "Do you plead guilty, or not guilty?"

#### FANTASTIC!

"NOT guilty," Humphrey snapped. "Sit down and listen to the... Preposterous," Humphrey said, and sat.

A police sergeant went into the witness-box, took the oath, and said: "At 12.25 a.m. this morning I saw this man staggering along the south side of the Strand. He bumped into several windows, and then he staggered to the edge of the kerb, and on to the roadway."

"I went up to him to ask if he felt all right, but his speech was so slurred it was incomprehensible. His eyes were glazed, his..."

Humphrey exploded a burst of mirthless laughter. Through it he gasped: "What fantastic rubbish all this is."

#### IMPERTINENT

"I CAME to the conclusion he was drunk," the sergeant went on doggedly, "and took him to Bow Street, where he was charged and made no reply."

"Do you want to ask the officer any questions?" the magistrate, Mr. R. H. Blundell, asked Humphrey.

Humphrey snorted. "The whole thing's an impertinent farge of nonsense from beginning to end," he said.

"Questions," the magistrate reminded.

"No."

"Then perhaps you'd like to tell me your story?"

#### PRESS-GANGED

"I simply gone out for a stroll," Humphrey said. "I live locally, you see. I was on my way home from my stroll when I was press-ganged by this policeman."

"He took me to the police station—and I must say I didn't expect to be kept there for so many hours. I was there, until 4.30 this morning..."

"Well, I've no reason to doubt that you were drunk," said the magistrate. "You must pay a fine of 5s."

Humphrey said nothing. He turned and strode off energetically into the morning, at just about the hour tired businessmen were filtering into the theatrical clinics provided for them.

#### DARTWORDS SOLUTION

**ACROBATIC**—Malice. Alice. Looking-glass. Mirror. Reflect. Bitter. Orange. Glass. Plate. Late. Tardy. Tarry. Linger. Tinger. Winger. Mangle. Angle. Angel. Seraph. Phrasia. Coll. Flatter. Pirater. Pentance. Cornwall. Charles. Larches. Patches. Peching. Dr. Quail. Rust. Moth. Leth. Cloth. Clot. Blot. Landscapes. Gardener. Adam. Apple. Pie. Pin. Money. SPIDER.

# APPEAL TO MOROCCANS

## Calm Necessary To Make Big Decisions

Rabat, July 29. The French Resident-General in Morocco, Gilbert Grandval, told an Arab radio audience today that after three weeks in office, he has almost finished his initial fact-finding task and was ready to resolve the problems plaguing Franco-Moroccan relations.

Speaking over Radio-Maroc in French, with an Arab interpreter translating his words, M. Grandval observed that it was the first time he had spoken "directly and personally" to Moroccans.

He had now learned, "as freely and as completely as possible" the facts behind the problems, he said, asserting that it was now his duty to use all the authority vested in him to arbitrate these controversies, alleviate these apprehensions, and to bring Franco-Moroccan policy in the direction called by the will of our two peoples.

M. Grandval's broadcast came on the eve of the Arab festival of "Aid el Kebir" and he expressed the desire that this would be "a holiday of hope."

Calm was necessary for him to make his decisions, he said, wishing the festival tomorrow would be "truly devoted to reflection, wisdom and prayer."

#### De-Segregation

### TEXAS HAS UNIQUE PLAN

Austin, Texas, July 29. A de-segregation policy embracing three different sets of schools—one for whites, one for negroes and a third for both races—will be announced soon by one of Texas' largest school districts.

The Attorney-General, Mr. John Ben Shepperd, disclosed the new plan but would not name the district.

Under the three-school plan, white and negro children, if they desire, may attend completely de-segregated schools. But attendance at such a school would not be compulsory. Negro children could continue to go to negro schools; whites to the white schools.

Mr. Shepperd said that another State district is planning to segregate by sex rather than by race, probably this autumn. Under that plan, white and negro boys would go to a boys' school together; white and negro girls to a separate girls' school.

He said this plan appeals particularly to mothers of girls. It is also under consideration in Virginia, if public schools in that State are ultimately de-segregated.—United Press.

#### Rediffusion

1.15. News, weather report and special announcements. 1.30. Lunch-time Music. 2. Old Time Ballroom with Sydney Thompson and his Orchestra (BBC). 2.30. Artistry in Rhythm. Stan Kenton and his Orchestra. 3. Hospital requests presented by Rosemary. 4. Forces Chorus presented by Evan Bayment. 5.30. Rhythm Parade—Instrumental. 6. Melody Magic songs for remembrance. 6.30. Strictly Instrumental. 6.45. Birthday Jubilee. 7.00. The Melody Magic songs. 7.15. The Melody Magic songs. 7.30. The Melody Magic songs. 7.45. The Melody Magic songs. 8.00. The Melody Magic songs. 8.15. The Melody Magic songs. 8.30. The Melody Magic songs. 8.45. The Melody Magic songs. 9.00. The Melody Magic songs. 9.15. The Melody Magic songs. 9.30. The Melody Magic songs. 9.45. The Melody Magic songs. 10.00. The Melody Magic songs. 10.15. The Melody Magic songs. 10.30. The Melody Magic songs. 10.45. The Melody Magic songs. 11.00. The Melody Magic songs. 11.15. The Melody Magic songs. 11.30. The Melody Magic songs. 11.45. 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